

VOL. V.

MARCH, 1897.

No. 8.

Miss Am. Pages
Miss Am. Pages
H-182-2

OUR HOME



AT
MONTHLY
FAMILY
MAGAZINE

Published at 16 St. Sacrament St.,
MONTREAL.

Five Cents Per Month.

Fifty Cents Per Year.

Miss Am. Pages
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Stories in "Our Home."



The Black Gondola,

is a story of love and adventure in the middle ages. It was commenced in the January number, but the March number contains a synopsis of the first and second chapters so that you can begin it now without losing anything.

The Tavern in Spessart,

which begins on page 23 of the March number, is an exciting story of adventure which everyone should read.

The Story of Marjory St. Just,

which is commenced on page 33 of the March number, grows in interest as it proceeds, and the chapters to be published in the April number will be more absorbing than those that appear in the March number.

The Knight Who Fought for Another,

is the second of the series of Italian novelettes published in "Our Home." It is from the pen of Giovanni Fiorentino, the celebrated Italian writer, and has been translated into English. Future numbers of "Our Home" will contain novelettes by other celebrated Italian writers.

The Caravan Tales,

begun some time ago, have been read with interest by many. The March number does not contain one, but the publication of the series will be resumed in future numbers.



**Arrangements are being made for the publication of other
Interesting Stories.**

OUR HOME

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THE POINT OF THE PEN.

INSURANCE LEGISLATION.

Sir Oliver Mowat has been reported as saying to a deputation that waited upon him recently in connection with an insurance matter that the courts would probably decide that all insurance legislation would have to be enacted by the provincial assemblies instead of by the Dominion Parliament. Sir Oliver Mowat has established a reputation as a constitutional lawyer. For many years he has been contending that the powers of the provincial legislatures are greater than was at first supposed, and while the Supreme Court of Canada has usually decided against him, the Judicial Committee of the British Privy Council, the highest court in the empire, has almost invariably favored his view.

There is little doubt that the fathers of Confederation, in framing the British North America Act, intended to give the Dominion Parliament control of insurance legislation, but the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council are not guided in their decisions by the intentions of the fathers of Confederation. They know nothing about the intentions of men who are dead, as many of them are, but they have the British North America Act before them and interpret its meaning strictly in accordance with the letter.

It is therefore very probable that if Sir Oliver Mowat has expressed the opinion that the provincial legislatures have exclusive jurisdiction in insurance matters the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council will agree with him as

usual, and the insurance laws of the Dominion will be thrown into dire confusion unless the managers of insurance companies throughout the country take united action to prevent it.

It may be said that nothing can be done: that if the Privy Council decides that the British North America Act gives the provincial assemblies complete and exclusive jurisdiction in insurance matters there is nothing to do but submit to its judgment. But the Canadian constitution is not unalterable. The British North America Act can be amended. If the Dominion Parliament and the provincial legislatures would unitedly petition the British Parliament to amend the British North America Act the petition would be immediately granted without discussion.

The managers of the insurance companies should see that the case is placed before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in the best light by the best lawyers, and if the decision should be against Dominion jurisdiction no time should be lost in petitioning the provincial legislatures and the Dominion Parliament to secure an amendment to the British North America Act placing insurance under Dominion jurisdiction. Every policy holder should be asked to sign the petition and probably scarcely anyone would refuse.

All the leading insurance companies do business throughout the Dominion, and the various benefit societies have their lodges in every province. It must be evident to everyone that it is better to have the same insurance laws throughout the Dominion than to allow

each province to make its own laws. If an amendment to the constitution should be required in order to give the Dominion Parliament undisputed jurisdiction, Sir Oliver Mowat, who is now Dominion Minister of Justice, would probably be able to word it so that there would never be any dispute about its meaning.

THE DEATH OF GOLDWINISM.

For many years the people of the Canadian provinces were sharply divided into two factions, one of which was provincial and pessimistic, having no faith in the future of the Dominion, while the other was aggressively Canadian and optimistic, believing that Canadians were destined to become one of the greatest nations in the world. The one faction believed that the various provinces had nothing in common, that socially, politically and commercially their interests were opposed to each other, and that it was useless to think of uniting them. The other was enthusiastic in the determination to consolidate the various provinces into one united Dominion by constructing railways and canals and encouraging trade between them. The question was discussed in every constituency of the Dominion in many election campaigns, but apart from the politicians were two great men uninfluenced by party spirit, who represented the rival sentiments that contended for mastery of the Canadian people. Both of these men were scholars. One was a master of style in English composition, and known throughout the English-speaking world as one of the greatest essayists of this century, while the other was a great educationist, a forcible writer, and an able speaker. The pessimistic pen of Mr. Goldwin Smith had the freedom of all the great English and American reviews, and if outside opinion could have settled the destiny of the Dominion pessimism would have won, but Principal Grant, of Queen's University,

voiced the real sentiment of the Canadian people, and the cause he so actively championed gained a complete victory much sooner than the most sanguine supporters of Canadianism expected. The Canadian people are no longer divided in opinion regarding the future of the country. From ocean to ocean, in city and town and country, they believe in a great united Canada. There is no longer any talk of secession or disintegration. The national spirit has prevailed over provincialism, and Goldwinism, which is another name for pessimism, is dead.

THE FOUNDERS.

The "Canadian Magazine" recently published a poem entitled "The Founders," by Mr. W. D. Lighthall, of Montreal, which deserves to be copied by newspapers throughout the country. Mr. Lighthall is one of the most patriotic of the younger generation of Canadians, and has very high ideals. Some years ago he published a story of French Canada entitled "The Young Seigneur," which attracted considerable attention at the time, not only on account of its literary merit, but because of the spirit of pure patriotism that animated it. The same spirit breathes in "The Founders," which reads as follows:

Every true man is a founder of the future of his State :
As a stone in a cathedral he uplifts and makes it
great.
Every man who with his life-blood in its need has
stained the field.
Every man who for its service all he hath and is
would yield.
Every man who worketh truly that its laws be fair
and right.
Every foeman of its error, every messenger of light,
Every servant of its sick, and of the children of its
poor,
Every laborer on its streets, if he doth labor to en-
dure.
Every one who will not brook in it the evil or the base
But whose soul like a pure fountain clears the river of
his race,
And who saveth ever to it : " Thou art part of human
kind,
Be thou just with all the nations ; large in nation—
heart and mind,
Seek from none the base advantage, be no boaster o'er
the rest,
But be that that with its strength, among the peoples
serveth best,"—
Every such one is a founder of the future of his State :
As a stone in a fair minster, by his truth it cometh
great.
Yea, though all the rest were rotten, and its form
come tottering down,
God shall build again and of him carve the new
cathedral's crown.

THE BLACK GONDOLA.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTER I.

In the year 1334, when Venice was ruled by the Council of Ten, Count Leonardo Montecali and Stephen Dandolo were rival suitors for the hand of Francesca Avarenza, an orphan heiress of great wealth and wondrous beauty. Count Montecali who was a handsome young man of generous disposition, was successful, and he was just about to be married to the lovely girl whose heart he had won, when Stephen Dandolo, through the influence of his father with the Government, had him seized and thrown into a dungeon on a pretended charge of treachery in the Cyprus war. Count Montecali had been a prisoner for a year, when one day it occurred to him that by taking advantage of the superstitious nature of his jailer, Mario, he might contrive to escape. He pretended that he had taken lessons in magic from Maestro Cartini, and made the jailer believe that he had power to leave the dungeon at pleasure. The foolish Mario begged him not to make use of his powers as the jailer would be punished for allowing him to escape. While they were talking a powder magazine in the neighborhood caught fire, and the explosion which ensued was so terrible that it was felt even in the dungeon where the Count Leonardo Montecali was confined. The jailer hearing the noise and feeling the shock, attributed it to the magic of his prisoner, and fell senseless with fright. Count Leonardo, taking advantage of the situation, secured the jailer's keys, escaped from the prison, and in a black gondola, which was commonly used for carrying prisoners, made his way toward the Avarenza palace.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTER II.

When the Count reached the Avarenza Palace he saw Francesca and her attendant Agatha standing on a balcony watching the flames of the burning powder magazine. The servants and boatmen were so occupied in gazing at the fire that they did not notice him as he stepped from the gondola and made his way through the palace to the room which adjoined the balcony. As he approached the two women he heard them talking. Francesca evidently believed him dead. She spoke to her nurse of her undying love for her murdered lover, and said she would ever remain faithful to his memory. Indeed she said he was ever present beside her in spirit. When the count revealed himself she at first fell senseless in his arms, but soon revived and responded warmly to his professions of love, but while they were expressing their mutual love and gratitude at his escape, the nurse, who had watched them in amazement, came forward and asked her mistress if she was mad. Then Francesca remembered, and wildly urged her lover to leave the house at once. When he demanded an explanation she told him that after he was carried off to prison she was assured that he was dead, and Stephen Dandolo renewed his suit, being supported by his father, who had become Doge, and used all his influence with the Government. She was in despair and went for advice to the venerable Prince di Papoli, the friend of her father. The prince said the only way to save her from marriage with Stephen Dandolo was to marry her himself, and she consented. Count Leonardo declared that her marriage to an old man with one foot in the grave was but a mockery, and urged her to fly with him to France where she could secure a divorce and marry him. This she refused to do. She said she would not disgrace the name of her noble husband, and they must not see each other during the lifetime of the prince, but as he was a man of eighty years their parting might not be forever. The count at last admitted that she was right, and bid her farewell. She held out her forehead for him to kiss, but he caught her in his arms and passionately kissed her lips. At this moment the Prince di Papoli discovered them, and sternly asked Count Leonardo how he had escaped from prison. "You knew then that I was a prisoner?" said the count. The prince admitted that he did, and when Francesca asked him why he had allowed her to believe her lover dead, he said that as one of the rulers of Venice he had no right to reveal state secrets. He then told the count that the gondola which brought him to the palace awaited below to restore him to prison.

CHAPTER III.

Francesca clasped her hands together in despair. She almost regretted her refusal to fly.

"On what charge were you arrested?" said the prince to the count.

"I knew not."

"You knew not?"

"I repeat that I am wholly ignorant of the circumstances which led to my arrest," said Leonardo.

"You have no suspicion that some act of yours may have justified your imprisonment?"

"I have no suspicion, for I know that the jealousy of Stephen Dandolo was the sole cause."

"Young man, I am willing and anxious to believe you; but there are strong facts against you. Come, look into your inmost heart. Recollect that little is hidden from the vigilance of St. Mark. Question your own conscience, count, and see if no act of yours, which you think buried in the recesses of your brain, could explain the conduct of the government towards you."

"I never did act or deed which could by any possibility have offended the government!" said the young man in a tone of solemn earnestness scarcely to be mistaken.

"Count, I will candidly say that I believe you. I hope the Council of Three may be as confiding."

"Thank you, prince," said Leonardo coldly. He put no faith on the belief or good wishes of the prince.

"Young man, I believed you guilty," replied Di Papoli gravely; "and I listened to the prayer of the child of my best friend."

"Guilty of what, prince?"

"I may not say: that is the secret of the state. Jacopo!"

An officer of the police, in his uniform, advanced into the room, and bowed respectfully.

"I wait the commands of his excellency."

"I am in haste, Jacopo, and precede you in my departure. I confide this prisoner to you. Let him be taken at once before the Council of Three."

The prince, after bowing his venerable head to all present, went out.

"I knew how it would be," cried the duenna, wringing her hands, and weeping bitterly.

"Francesca was I not right? And when the prince could betray you so unmercifully as to wed you, knowing me to be alive, ought you to have been more tender with him?"

"If the prince has done wrong, I

should not imitate him, Leonardo," said Francesca mournfully.

"Count," said the officer of police, advancing, "you are a prisoner of the state, and must follow me."

"I know it," replied Leonardo; and, with a look of admiration and despair fixed upon the beautiful girl, he slowly followed the officer.

After the count's departure Francesca sat in silent despair for some time, while Agatha watched her with troubled heart. Francesca's confidence in the Prince di Papoli had been so great that at first she could not believe he had acted from bad motives, but as she sat there thinking of his deception with a sinking heart the man she had so long revered seemed to gradually fade away. In his place stood a designing old hypocrite who had married her for her money. To whom should she turn for help? Who would save her lover?

Strange to say with this revulsion of feeling toward her husband came a complete change of feeling, toward Stephen Dandolo. She felt that the old man had encouraged her to believe that Stephen's only motive in courting her was a desire to possess her property, and now, she began to call to mind many incidents which seemed to show that Stephen really did passionately love her. "Perhaps, after all," she said to herself, "it was the prince and not Stephen that had Leonardo thrown into prison. Yet Stephen is said to have been the accuser."

She arose from her seat and addressed her attendant.

"Agatha," she said, "you love me—do you not?"

"Oh, signora, why do you ask me such a question?" replied the woman, who had nursed her when she was an infant.

"Because I am going to ask much of you," said Francesca in a tone of determination which astonished Agatha.

"Speak, my lady."

"But you must have much courage, and almost blind confidence in me," said Francesca.

"I have hitherto obeyed your every wish, dear lady. Speak—I am unchanged."

"Agatha, the count must be saved."

"But what can we do?"

"Everything. It is I who ought to save him, for it is through me he is a prisoner: and it is I who will save him!"

"My dear lady, why speak you thus? You can do nothing. It is idle for women to struggle with the state."

"Idle!" said Francesca. "No! It is not idle. What! Would you have me lie down calmly and sleep while my

heart's husband is struggling for his life before his judges? I will not do it! What I refused to his persuasions, what I refused to his love, it would have been wrong to grant. Besides he was free, and apparently in no immediate danger. But now his life, perhaps, hangs upon a thread; and shall I to whom he has been so faithful—shall I, when he has forgiven even my marriage—hesitate to take any step in his service? To save him from death or perpetual prison, I would die freely, nurse."

"My lady, what mean you?" cried Agatha.

"I mean, Agatha, that no dread of idle tongues, no fear of blame, shall stay me in my purpose. It is my duty as



much as my wish to save the count; and he must be saved!"

"But how?"

"Go, fetch two mantles, hoods and masks, and bid Alphonso prepare a gondola," answered the princess.

"Merciful Heaven! whither go you?"

"To the palace of Stephen Dandolo," said Francesca, forcing herself to appear calm.

"To the palace of Stephen Dandolo, the reprobate, the profligate!" cried Agatha.

"Even so. He is the accuser of Leonardo, and he alone can prove his innocence. I will humble myself before him; I will implore him and he will take pity."

"You, my lady, humble yourself before that bold, bad man? Do you know all the crimes of which he is accused? Do you know that no woman dare trust herself in his palace?"

"I care not, Agatha. I am strong in the purity of my heart and the holiness of my purpose. Seek not to stay me. My mind is irrevocably made up. Go instantly, and fetch the mantles and masks. No more words. I will do as I have said."

The terror-struck duenna moved away silently and soon returned with the articles she was sent for.

"Hasten, Agatha," said Francesca. "There is no time to be lost."

The worthy old soul obeyed with a groan, and quickly concealed both herself and her mistress under the mantles, hoods and masks. These assumed they hastily left the palace.

A gondola, with one gondolier, a discreet and favored servant, awaited them. They seated themselves in the cabin and started. Agatha gave a whispered order to Alphonso. He obeyed without a remark: a Venetian gondolier knows that his first duty is discretion.

Ten minutes brought them to the palace occupied by the son of the Doge. It was lit up; crowds of gondolas flitted mystically to and fro along the smooth waters; and sounds of mirth and music were heard; it was clear that the young man was giving a festival to his friends.

"What is to be done?" asked Agatha in a voice expressive of the hope she felt that her young mistress would abandon the adventure.

"Go on," replied Francesca after a moment's hesitation.

The gondola accordingly drew up at the steps, and Francesca and Agatha stepped out. The beautiful girl advanced leaning on the arm of her alarmed attendant. A confidential servant of Stephen stood beside the door.

"Paolo," said Francesca, who knew him well, putting a purse at the same time into his hand, "go tell your master that a young and beautiful lady wishes to have five minutes' conversation with him. Do not mention my name."

"Eccellenza, follow me," replied Paolo, bowing low.

They speedily found themselves in a small, tastefully furnished apartment, and in a few minutes more Stephen Dandolo appeared. He advanced with a smile and a bow.

"Beautiful incognita!" he exclaimed gallantly. "I have left all my friends to come to you. Pray in what can I serve you?"

Francesca unmasked.

"Francesca, Princess di Papoli!" cried the young man with an accent of unfeigned wonder. "You here?"

"Yes, Stephen Dandolo, it is I," replied Francesca quietly; "and my object is to obtain a few minutes' undisturbed conversation with you."

"Madam, my palace is at your command. Shall I send away my guests?"

"No, Stephen, I wish to go in a few moments as quietly as I came. To dismiss your guests would excite talk. Excuse yourself a few moments. You have a ready brain, and can easily invent an excuse to explain your absence for a short time."

Stephen Dandolo bowed assent and left the room for a few moments. When he returned Francesca told Agatha to retire to another room.

"You are surprised to see me?" said Francesca, when they were alone.

"I am surprised, but words cannot express my delight at being thus favored. I had given you up in despair, but now I may hope again, for the prince is a very old man."

"Stephen, you mistake me. I came to appeal to you on behalf of Count Leonardo Montecali. He is in prison under a false accusation. What was the charge against him? I beg you to tell me. I fear I have wronged you, Stephen, in thought, but I believe better of you now. Show that I am right in thinking that you are not a bad man at heart by telling me the nature of the charge and how I may have it refuted."

"The charge was one of treachery in the Cyprus war. It was alleged that one night after our soldiers had retired to rest he left the camp in the direction of the enemy, having obtained the password by some unknown means, and returned as mysteriously some hours afterward."

"The charge was false," said Francesca.

"The charge was twisted truth," said Stephen. "The Count Montecali did leave the camp that night, but it was treachery to you instead of treachery to the state. He did not go to reveal secrets to the enemy. He went to whisper words of love to a beautiful woman. He never felt for any woman the deep, passionate love that I have always felt for you. He was always pleased with a passing face and ready to make love to any beautiful woman. His love for you was as shallow as his love for other women. I am willing to admit that when I learned that this shallow-hearted man, for whom the most serious things in life are but a joke, had won your love, knowing that he would cast it aside a little later as

carelessly as he had that of other women, I made this charge against him and proved it. I did not state anything untrue. I simply narrated the facts, called witnesses to prove them, and left the judges to draw their own conclusions. If I did wrong my great and passionate love for you excuses it. I saved you from marrying a man who did not know the meaning of real love, a man who laughs at everything. Why, such a man would not suffer in prison. He would joke with his jailer and be as merry in a dungeon as in a palace."

"You are unjust to him, Stephen Dandolo. But what was the name of this woman he loved—I mean whom he went to see."

"Her name was Tessa Tornabelli.



She was beautiful, but her beauty could not be compared with yours."

"Stephen, you must right the wrong you have done to your friend. I cannot believe that the motives of the Count Montecali were bad. He is not the shallow-hearted man you believe him to be, and if he smiled on a pretty face it must have been innocently, and at a time when his heart did not belong to me. Promise me, Stephen, to do him justice and secure his liberation."

"Will you agree not to marry him if I secure his liberation?"

"I am already a married woman. I am the wife of the Prince di Papoli."

"An old man who cannot live much longer. Promise me not to marry him when the old man dies."

"Do not be so cruel, Stephen."

"It may now be too late to do anything for him, but if you will promise to marry me when the prince dies, in case I succeed in liberating Count Montecali, I will work for his freedom as if my life depended upon it. All the influence of my father shall be exerted in his favor."

"Stephen, I could not make such a promise while the prince is alive. It would be dishonorable to him. No, I will not deceive you. Even if the prince were dead I could not marry you. The most I could do would be to promise never to marry a second time without your consent."

"That will do. The only marriage I will consent to will be one with myself." At her request he summoned Agatha, and waited quietly while the attendant with nervous fingers replaced the mask and mantle, and then taking the hand of Francesca with profound respect he led her to the gondola, kissed her hand respectfully as she stepped into it, and then returned to his guests.

As soon as they reached the Avarenza palace Agatha, who had seemed to be greatly excited, handed her mistress a note which read:

To the Princess di Papoli:

EXCELLENZA.—A beautiful lady is a prisoner in the palace of Stephen Dandolo. I know not what evil may come to her if she does not escape. I beg you to send a trusted gondolier to pass under her window at eleven o'clock to-morrow night. If fortune favors she will escape in the gondola and go to you. I appeal to you as a pure-hearted, noble woman to save her from an awful fate.

"There is no signature," said Francesca, when she had finished reading it. "Where did you get it, Agatha?"

"As I sat alone, trembling with fear for you, some one suddenly came behind me, placed one hand over my eyes, the other over my mouth, and in a hoarse voice which was evidently disguised said, 'Do not speak, do not fear. No harm will come to you. Say nothing until you reach home. Then give this note to the princess.' He slipped the note into my hand and before I had time to recover he was gone."

(To be Continued.)

A GOOD HOUSEKEEPER.

How can I tell her?
By her cellar.
Cleanly shelves and whitened walls;
I can guess her
By her dresser.
By the back staircase and halls;
And with pleasure
Take her measure
By the way she keeps her brooms,
Or the peeping
At the "keeping"
Of her back and unseen rooms.
By her kitchen's air of neatness,
And its general completeness,
Where in cleanliness and sweetness
The rose of order blooms.

THEY LIKE "OUR HOME."

If all the kind letters that have been written to the publisher of *OUR HOME* in praise of this popular monthly were published they would make a large volume. The following extracts from a few of them will serve as samples to show how the subscribers appreciate it:

Miss Marshall Saunders, the author of the charming book, "Beautiful Joe," of which over two hundred thousand copies have been sold, writes: "The contents are admirable. I wish that you could get a number of enterprising women through Nova Scotia to become interested in obtaining subscribers for *OUR HOME*. It is so well suited to the needs of our people. They can't really afford a high-priced paper, yet they want good solid reading."

Paul Swenson, of Ladner, British Columbia, writes: "You may be sure that your paper is a welcome visitor, and will remain with me as long as I live."

"As a monthly magazine I think it has no equal," says Wilfred J. Jordan, of Roland, Man.

"There is no better monthly paper for young people than *OUR HOME*," writes Miss Blanche Wright, of Irondale, Ont.

"My wife believes in *OUR HOME*, and so do I," says V. Bedford, of 163 First Ave., Toronto, Ont.

"I like the improvements in *OUR HOME* very much, and would not be without it," says Miss Sara E. Clark, of 289 Flora Ave., Winnipeg, Man.

"My children like *OUR HOME* so much. We all look forward to its coming every month like an old friend. I like it better than any other magazine that comes to our house," says Mrs. D. McPhee, of Rabbit Mountain, Beaver Mine, Ont.

"I notice the great improvement that has taken place in regard to the reading matter and the size. I think it contains a great deal of useful information," says Rev. G. A. Rollin, of Hillier, Ont.

"I am delighted with *OUR HOME*," says Miss Bessie Andrew, of 471 Somerset St., Ottawa, Ont.

Mrs. George A. Fawcett, Upper Sackville, N. B., writes: "We are all perfectly delighted over it, and the children can hardly wait for each month to come around. It is a grand little magazine for a family."

"It has the best reading for the young I have ever read. It is elevated in tone, instructive, pure and sensible," says Miss Margaret Jeannette Anderson, of 915 Walnut Ave., Sidney, Ohio.

"I have been subscribing for your dear little magazine for one year. I like it better than any other monthly paper that comes to our home," says Howard Bland, of Wallace Bay, Nova Scotia.

"The reading matter is good, pure and instructive. There are many families in Manitoba that would be glad to get such a magazine at the low price if they knew about it," says R. E. Campion, of Findlay, Man.

Thomas S. Francis, Box 542, Victoria, British Columbia, writes: "It is far the best journal I have ever read. The reading matter is excellent, and the hints also, especially on temperance, which in my opinion will turn many a person from a drunkard's grave. I will always look for the future numbers with anxiety, for they fill me with pleasure and delight. In my opinion it is actually worth five times the price."

"Your little magazine is considered a wonderful book by my children," writes Mrs. E. Parlee, of Parleeville, N. B.

"I am very much pleased with the late form of *OUR HOME*, and would not be without it, as the useful hints and valuable information contained therein are much more valuable than many times its cost," writes Mrs. John F. Angevine, of 743 Washington Street, New York city.

"I like it best of all the papers I read," says Ellen Ripple, of Scalp Level, Pa.

Mrs. B. S. Winch, of 861 Hornby St., Vancouver, British Columbia, who persuaded a number of her friends to subscribe for *OUR HOME*, writes; "Friends who subscribed for *OUR HOME* all think it lovely."

Wesley W. Pert, of Morden, Man., writes: "I would not do without *OUR HOME* if it cost four times as much, as I think it is the best monthly paper published. I save the numbers and at the end of each volume will have them bound, as they will make a book that cannot be bought for that price anywhere."

"I like your paper very much. It is highly pleasing to all our family," says Mrs. S. Mitchell, of Plevna, Ont.

"It is well worth double the money," says Andrew Jack, of Pipe Stone, Manitoba.

ITALIAN NOVELETTES.

No. II.—The Knight Who Fought
For Another.

[By Giovanni Fiorentino].

There lived in Provence, many years ago, a gentleman of the name of Carsivalo, the lord of many castles, possessed of rare courage and prudence, and highly esteemed by the other chiefs and barons in the surrounding country. He was descended from a noble and ancient family, of the house of Balzo, and had an only daughter of the name of Lisetta, celebrated for her extreme beauty and accomplishments above all ladies of her time. Many were the lords, counts and barons, both young and valiant, sighing suitors for her regard. But on none had her sire, Carsivalo, yet cast his eye whom he altogether approved, and he therefore refused them all.

In the same province resided the Count Aldobrandino, lord of the whole of Venisi, comprehending many cities and castles. He was upwards of seventy years of age, had no wife or children, and was extremely rich. Struck with the beauty of his friend Carsivalo's daughter, the Count grew at length enamoured of her, and very willingly would he have led her to the altar, had he not felt ashamed, at his years, of suing to her, while so many bold and handsome youths were struggling for her in vain; wherefore he devoured his love in secret, not knowing what measures to pursue.

Now it so happened that holding a festival at which his friend Carsivalo, ever forward to express his fidelity and devotion to him, was present, the old Count lavished upon him the most gratifying marks of regard, presenting him at the same time with noble steeds, birds, and hounds, besides other proofs of his favor. After this, he one day began to summon resolution to request his daughter from him, as it were in jest, while he and Carsivalo sat over their wine together. This he did in the following manner, assuming as youthful an air and countenance as he well could:

"I will tell you what I have been thinking of, my dear friend, without the least reservation in the world; for with you, indeed, I can have no secrets; and there is, perhaps, only one thing which I need to care about, which is, that I am not quite so fresh and hearty as I have been, but yet that is not much; and be it what it may, I will even tell you I should be glad, if you have no

objection, to take your daughter's hand in marriage,—I should like to have her for a wife."

"And I am sure," answered Carsivalo, "I would very willingly give her to you, my friend; only it might appear somewhat strange, considering the number of young fellows who are in pursuit of her, from eighteen to twenty years of age, and who might all join in falling upon me or becoming my enemies for ever. Besides, there are her mother, brothers, cousins and relations without end, who may be no better satisfied; and perhaps the girl herself may have set her eye upon some one of those fresher sparks who are continually fluttering about her."

"What you say is very true, friend Carsivalo," returned the Count; "but suppose you were to tell her she will be mistress of all my possessions; yes, all I have in the world. I think, therefore, we had better find some method of arranging the affair amicably between ourselves."

"Well, be it so," replied Carsivalo; "let us consider of it, and to-morrow we will talk about it again."

The enamoured old Count slept not a wink all night, but lay devising schemes upon the subject, the result of which appeared on the following day, when he called early on Carsivalo, and said,

"I have discovered a plan; and it will not merely serve you for an excuse in bestowing your daughter's hand on me, but it will do you, sir, the highest honor."

"Pray what is it, my lord?" was the question.

"It is this," returned the Count; "do you announce a grand tournament without delay, at which, whoever wishes for the honor of your daughter's hand, must come and fight; and so let her remain the victor's prize. Leave the rest to me; for I will find means of coming off the conqueror, and you will stand well in the opinion of all the world."

Carsivalo, smiling, replied that he was content, and the Count returned home. So at a fit season the young lady's father calling together his family and many of his relatives and friends, acquainted them that it was his intention to dispose of his daughter's hand, and consulted them in reference to the number of her suitors, chiefly consisting of the neighboring lords and gentlemen of the province.

"Now," he continued, "if we venture to bestow her upon such or such a one, others will be affronted and become our enemies for life, saying, 'What! are we not as good as that fellow?' and this will bring others upon us without end;

so that our friends becoming our foes, there will be no living in the neighborhood. For my own part, I think we had better proclaim a tournament, at which whosoever shall have the luck to win her, in God's name let him wear her, and we have done with it altogether."

The mother and the rest of her relatives gave their consent, and the plan was approved of by all. Carivalo ordered it to be forthwith proclaimed, the conditions being, that whoever was desirous of obtaining his daughter Lisetta's hand in marriage, should attend a tournament to be held at Marseilles on the first day of May, the happy victor to bear off the lady as his prize.

No sooner was the fame of this gone abroad, than Count Aldobrandino despatched a messenger in all haste to the King of France, requesting he would forthwith be pleased to send him one of his most doughty knights, the most invincible that could possibly be met with in feats of arms. In consideration of the Count having always shown himself a faithful adherent to the crown, and moreover allied by blood, the king sent him a favorite cavalier, whom he had brought up from a child at his own court. His name was Ricciardo, sprung from the house of Mont Albano, long celebrated for its knightly deeds. His directions were to comply with everything Count Aldobrandino should choose to impose.

The young knight soon arrived at the castle of the old lover, who, after bestowing upon him signal marks of his favor, revealed to him the affair which he had in hand.

Ricciardo replied, "I was sent by my royal master, to act in whatever capacity might be most agreeable to you: give your orders, therefore; it is mine to execute them manfully."

"Then hear me," said the Count. "We are preparing to give a tournament at Marseilles, in which it is my wish you should carry all before you, until I ride into the field, when I will engage you, and you must suffer yourself to be vanquished, so that I may remain victor of the day."

Ricciardo said that it was his duty, however hard, to submit; and he continued privately at the castle until the hour arrived, when the old Count again accosted him: "Take this suit of armor, and go to Marseilles, and give out that you are a rich traveller, with steeds and money at will, and so conduct yourself like a valiant knight."

"You may leave that to me," returned Ricciardo; and he went out and cast his eye over the whole of the Count's

stud, where he found a horse that had not been mounted for several months, on which he suddenly vaulted, taking along with him what company he pleased. And he bent his way towards Marseilles, where he found the most splendid preparations made for the tournament.

Thither were already gathered many of his young competitors, and blithe and proud was he who appeared more terribly beautiful than his compeers, while hautboys and trumpets everywhere sounded a shrill alarm, and the whole air seemed to be filled with music. Spacious was the plain staked out on which their respective prowess was to be displayed, and gay were the numerous balconies lifted up into the air around, with ladies and their lords and tender maidens watching the fearful odds of the field. And the fair and lovely girl, the wished-for prize, was led forth on the first of May, distinguished above all her companions for her beauty and accomplishments.

And now also rode forth her noble lovers, shining in arms, into the field, bearing various colors and devices, where, turn by turn they assaulted each other with the most jealous rage. Among these Ricciardo was everywhere seen opening himself a passage upon his fierce steed, and ever, as most experienced in feats of arms, did he come off the victor. Tremendous in assault, and skilful in defence, by his rapid motions he showed himself complete master of his art. Every tongue was loud in his praise, enquiring who he could be? The answer was, "A strange knight, who lately rode into the field." Still victorious, his competitors retired on all sides, unable to sustain the ferocity of his attack. In a few moments Count Aldobrandino entered the lists, armed cap-a-pie, and running full tilt at Ricciardo, trumpets sounding and handkerchiefs waving, he met him in mid career.

After some blows dealt, as had been agreed upon, on both sides, the young hero appeared to quail under the Count's sword; and having already seen the fair Lisetta, never had he done anything with so ill a grace before. But he was bound to obey his sovereign's good pleasure and consequently that of the Count, who was now riding victorious over the ground with his sword unsheathed, his squires and other followers hailing him with shouts of triumph, the conqueror of the day.

What, then, was the surprise of the spectators when he raised his vizor! What the vexation of the young maiden

to behold the features of the aged Count, who thus obtained the hand of the lovely maid of Provence! and bearing her to his castle with great rejoicing, celebrated his marriage with joyous dances and festivals in honor of his bride.

On poor Ricciardo returning from this very unpleasant service into France, the monarch enquired what he had been doing. "Please your majesty," replied the knight, "I have just returned from a tournament in which your old Count has made me play a very mischievous part."

"How is that?—in what way?" said the king; and his squire then related the whole affair, at which his majesty expressed the utmost surprise.

"You need not be astonished so much at what has happened, as that I should have been prevailed upon to bear a part in it; for truly, sire, I never performed anything with half so ill a grace, such is the exceeding beauty of the lady whom the deceitful Count has made his prize."

The king on this seemed to consider a little, and then turning towards Ricciardo, observed: "Never fear; it will turn out to have been a good tournament for you, after all; and let this suffice."

Now it happened that the old Count did not long survive the period of his union with the beautiful Lisetta, leaving her a young widow without an heir to his vast domains.

The whole of the deceased Count's possessions coming to his relative and ally the king of France, the monarch, recalling to mind the courtesy and prowess shown by his squire, Ricciardo, despatched a messenger to the lady's father in Provence, signifying his pleasure that the young widow should bestow her hand upon him. Carsivalo, being made acquainted with the truth, sent in answer that he should be proud to act conformably to the king's wishes. The monarch then mounted horse with a magnificent train of nobles, and accompanied by Ricciardo, journeyed into Provence, where he celebrated the union of the fair Lisetta with his own true knight, who afterwards received from the hands of his royal master the territory of Aldobrandino as his lawful heritage, an arrangement that met with the approbation of all parties, nor least so with that of the lady, who lived long and happily with the valiant Count Ricciardo of Provence.

DON'T SCOLD.

Mothers, don't scold. You can be firm without scolding your children; you can reprove them for their faults; you can punish them when necessary, but don't get into the habit of perpetually scolding them. It does them no good. They soon become so accustomed to fault-finding and scolding that they pay no attention to it. Or, which often happens, they grow hardened and reckless in consequence of it. Many a naturally good disposition is ruined by constant scolding, and many a child driven to seek evil associates because there is no peace at home. Mothers, with their many cares and perplexities, often fall into the habit unconsciously; but it is a sad habit for them and their children. Watch yourselves, and don't indulge in this unfortunate and often unintentional manner of addressing your children. Watch even the tones of your voice, and, above all, watch your hearts; for we have divine authority for saying that "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

IN WINTER WOODS.

In winter woods what melody
Of whispering winds on fluted reeds!
What tempted quietude succeeds
The jay's wild clamor echoing free!
The squirrels call from tree to tree,
The plaining crow recounts his needs,
The snowbirds crest the fruited weeds
In winter woods.

Here lift the oaks their architrave
Of timbered gloom against the blue;
The storm-beat alders blend anew;
Within the cedar's columned nave.
Though all the blasts should wildly rave,
The stalwart trunks stand firm and true;
No tumult may their calm undo
In winter woods.

In winter woods the mosses gleam
Like emeralds through the fallen leaves,
The frosted lichen interweaves
Its silver with the rock's gray seam.
The slanting sunlight's fitful beam
Falls softened where the brooklet grieves;
The spendthrift year her past retrieves
In winter woods.

And yet the season lacks not grace,
Though flee the bloom of rainbowed flowers,
And through the desolated bowers
The hasting snow comes on apace
Stern nature turns a smiling face
To him who loves her while she lowers
And for his eyes with beauty dowers
In winter woods.

PEOPLE OF THE PAST.

Many stories have been written about fictitious pigmies, but Mary Shears Roberts tells the following true story of a real pigmy whose extraordinary adventures are recorded in history:

Charles I. was to marry the young and beautiful Henrietta Maria of France. When she came to England there was great rejoicing throughout the kingdom. Bells rang merrily, bonfires blazed and the people shouted themselves hoarse.

Perhaps the finest of the many feasts given in honor of the royal couple was at Burleigh, in Rutlandshire, the home of the Duke of Buckingham. The fair



Henrietta had a fancy for dwarfs, and, as everybody at that time was striving to please Her Majesty, the Duke concluded to offer her a certain little manikin of his own, named Jeffrey Hudson. This mite became celebrated, and was the hero of so many adventures by sea and by land, that the story of his life reads more like romance than like history.

Querly enough, he was born in Rutlandshire, the smallest county in England, in 1619. Little is known of his babyhood. His mother was tall, and his father must have been a robust man, for he was a drover in the service of George, Duke of Buckingham.

When Jeffrey was seven or eight years old, he was presented by his father to

the Duchess. He was well-formed and good-looking, although he was only eighteen inches tall. He remained at this height from his eighth to his thirtieth year, after which he grew again, reaching three feet and six inches, and never exceeded that.

The Duchess ordered his patched and well-worn clothes to be removed, arrayed his little person in silk and satin, and appointed two tall serving-men to attend on him.

Here is a story of one of his adventures while living with her Grace, though the quaint terms of the period have been changed. An old woman, having invited a few of her cronies to dinner, some practical jokers, who had stolen her cat, dressed Jeffrey up in a cat's skin and conveyed him into the room. When the feast was nearly over and cheese set upon the table, one of the guests offered the pretended cat a bit. "Grimalkin can help himself when he is hungry," said the dwarf, and then nimbly ran downstairs. The women all started up in the greatest confusion and clamor imaginable, crying out "A witch, a witch with her talking cat!" But the joke was soon after found out; otherwise the poor woman might have suffered.

A magnificent feast had been prepared at Burleigh in honor of the King and Queen, and it was arranged that the little dwarf should step from a huge venison pasty into her Majesty's service. This mode of appearance was not new even then. A pie with a dwarf inside was thought a "dainty dish to set before a king," and a gift of this kind was often a road to the sovereign's favor.

On the day of the dinner Jeffrey found himself imprisoned in a large dish surrounded by a high wall of standing crust. Of course a way had been found to give him air, but he afterwards said he felt buried alive. To add to his discomfort, Buckingham slyly ordered the pie to be warmed, saying, "It were better eaten warm than cold."

Young Jeffrey remained quiet and said never a word as the dish was carried to the kitchen; but he was far from happy, and thought of Nebuchadnezzar and the fiery furnace until he grew "warm with apprehension." The cook, however, understood the joke, and the dwarf-pie was placed in safety on the royal table. At last came the fateful time—the crowning moment of Jeffrey's life. The pie was opened, the trumpet sounded, and forth sprang the dwarf! He was clad in a full suit of armor and skipped about the table, shaking his little sword at some of the guests; and remembering

the scorching the Duke had threatened for him, he gave a vicious little tweak at His Grace's noble nose. Buckingham drew back in time to save his handsome face, and threatened to cudgel the knave with a chicken-bone; but the king laughed and said Buckingham was served quite right.

By this time Jeffrey was nearly deafened with applause, and half drowned in the perfumes the ladies sprinkled upon him, so he hastened to end the scene by prostrating himself before the Queen's plate and entreating to be taken into her service.

His request was readily granted, for Her Majesty was much diverted; by

One day, in frolicsome mood, the King was persuaded to confer the order of knighthood upon the manikin. How his little heart must have throbbled with pride when, kneeling on a velvet cushion at the feet of his sovereign, he felt the sword laid gently across his shoulders and heard the royal voice say, "Arise, Sir Jeffrey Hudson!"

Being so much indulged, Sir Jeffrey altogether forgot his humble birth, and when his father came to see him he refused to recognize the drover, for which, by the King's command, the ungrateful son was very soundly and very properly whipped.

By this time Jeffrey was high in the



his odd performances. Although she already had two other dwarfs, one named Richard and the other Anne Gibson, Jeffrey was taken back to court, where he was made much of by Queen Henrietta and the court ladies. He was as brave and true-hearted a little knight as ever wore spurs, and proved a trusty messenger on many occasions.

Through all the trouble that afterwards came to the royal couple the dwarf remained loyal to the King and his beloved Queen, but the little fellow could not stand prosperity, and his sudden rise in the world had filled his small head with queer vanity and foolish fancies.

favor of Queen Henrietta, and afforded her so much amusement by his odd speeches that he became a privileged character.

But even in these prosperous days Sir Jeffrey had his troubles. His pathway through the Royal household was not altogether without thorns. The domestics and nobles took great pleasure in teasing the fiery-tempered midget, and truth compels me to state that he was quick to take offence and of quarrelsome disposition. The Queen had a pet monkey with which Jeffrey was on very friendly terms; but often when the two were seen together such jokes and comparisons were made as

would drive young Hudson into a frenzy of rage.

The King's gigantic porter, William Evans, was another thorn in Jeffrey's flesh, and a very big thorn, too. Evans was truly a giant, measuring seven and a half feet in height. Jeffrey and he could never meet without squabbling, and indeed the very sight of this ill-assorted pair standing side by side was enough to occasion remarks that made Jeffrey's blood boil.

One evening, when a merry-making or masking-frolic was going on at the palace, the giant and the dwarf happened to meet. As usual, an angry quarrel took place. Evans began to tease his tiny rival by allusions to pies, venison pasties, and the like, and in the style of the well-known Goliath of Gath, when deriding David, cast reflection upon Hudson's diminutive size.

Jeffrey, though extremely angry, tried to preserve his dignity; with a very red face he strutted up to the giant, whose knee was about on a level with the dwarf's head, and said with an angry stamp,

"Peradventure, my friend, you have never sufficiently considered that the wren is made by the same hand that formed the bustard, and that the diamond, though small in size, outvalues ten thousand times the granite?"

At this sally Evans mighty lungs thundered forth a peal of laughter that drowned the shouts of the courtiers, and snatching up the valiant knight he thrust him into one of his huge pockets. Holding an immense hand over the midget to prevent his escaping, Evans proceeded to take his place in the pageant, where he was to perform a dance. When this was finished he drew from his pocket a big loaf of bread which he broke in two, and then from the other pocket he took the squirming Jeffrey, placed him between the half loaves, as if he were the slice of meat that goes to make up the sandwich, and intimated that the King's giant would lunch upon the Queen's dwarf.

The surprise and mirth of the spectators were gall and wormwood to poor Jeffrey, whose little feet could be seen kicking furiously in all directions from the sides of the loaf.

While I am telling of the giant, I will take time to say that in Newgate street, London, fixed in the front of a house, is a stone carving in low relief representing these two remarkable persons. The tablet has remained there for more than two hundred years, and bears the words,

M. P. A.

THE KING'S PORTER AND DWARF.

The letters M. P. A. are supposed to be the initials of the builder.

About this time Jeffrey was sent by the Queen on a mission to France. He was to bring back with him a French servant, and, according to a letter written by her Majesty to a certain Madame St. George, she was in need of "a dozen pairs of sweet chamois gloves, one pair of doeskin, and the rules of any species of game then in vogue." She also asked that a French tailor be sent over, "if only to make her some petticoat bodices."

Here was an errand for our hero! A little man a foot and a half high was selected to go to France and escort back to England a servant and a tailor, to say nothing of gloves and games!

Sir Jeffrey arrived safely at the French court, where he became an object of great admiration and received presents for himself to the value of some twelve thousand dollars. He attended faithfully to the business of the Queen, and in due time was ready to return with the servant, the gloves, and a French dancing-master in place of the tailor. He had in his keeping, too, many rich gifts from Marie de Medicis, the French queen and mother of Henrietta, to her daughter in England.

The voyage home proved unlucky. The vessel in which he embarked with all this treasure was old and small, scarcely fit to contend with the rough waves of the channel. They had not proceeded far when a Dunkirk privateer bore down upon them; and as the frail little French craft could not offer the slightest resistance to an armed vessel, was soon boarded by the pirates. They were no respecters of persons, but captured Sir Jeffrey, the servant, and the dancing-master, and robbed them of all they had; whereby the unhappy dwarf lost not only his mistress' presents, but his own as well.

I am afraid none of the captives behaved very bravely. The doughty knight was found hidden behind an enormous candlestick, and the French dancing-master was easily persuaded to put on one of her Majesty's "petticoat bodices" and do a French step for the amusement of the pirate crew. Jeffrey, with the rest of his party, was held a prisoner at Dunkirk for some little time.

Here it was that our hero fought his famous battle with a turkey-cock, which recalls the celebrated combats between the pigmies and the cranes told about by Homer. It is said that a turkey-cock encountered the knight in one of his walks, and attacked him.

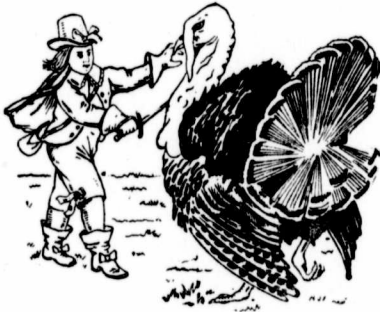
After a gallant struggle the dwarf was almost beaten, but, the servant appearing at a lucky moment, he called to her for help, and she soon saved him from the beak and claws of the fierce enemy.

Several years after this, Sir William D'Avenant was appointed poet laureate and printed a stately epic poem called "Jeffreidos," in which he holds up to ridicule the events of the dwarf's trying journey.

For Jeffrey strait was thrown: whilst faint and
weak

The cruel foe assaults him with his beak,

Sir Jeffrey lost none of the Queen's favor by his misfortunes; his liberty was bought from the pirates, and he was sent on another mission across the Channel. Again he was taken prisoner by pirates, this time by Turks, and was carried off to Barbary, where he was sold as a slave. He was taken to Morocco, where, according to his own account, he was exposed to many hardships, and set to cruel labor; but the



officers of the garrisons stationed at Tangiers told a different tale, and asserted that it took the dusky Moors a long time to invent an employment for the tiny slave.

Again a ransom was paid, and after many mishaps he reached his native shores, to find England engaged in civil war, and his beloved King and Queen in dire distress.

Jeffrey immediately took up the King's cause, and was made a captain of horse in the royal army, a capacity in which he must have been a very comical figure. Once, when the dashing Prince Rupert made a sudden charge on a troop of the Roundheads near Newbury, Jeffrey and his band joined in the assault. The Royalists were driven back; but Jeffrey declared the victory would have been sure if he had been better mounted. He complained that he was seated on a long-legged brute of a horse and that his sword was too

short. At all events, our tiny knight and Prince Rupert were forced to beat a hasty retreat, while the victorious Puritans set up a cry of "There go Prince Robin and Cock Robin!"

By this time Henrietta, the Queen whom all England had been striving to please but a few years before, had become more unpopular than her unfortunate husband. She was a staunch opponent of the Puritans, and she had incensed the members of Parliament by trying to raise money to provide the King with means of defence. On her return from Holland, whither she had gone to sell her jewels, Queen Henrietta went to Bath in hopes of finding relief from a severe attack of rheumatic fever. But war had left its traces on that beautiful western city. The place was full of soldiers, and the Queen was forced to push on to Exeter, one of the few towns which still remained loyal. She was there greeted with tender messages from her husband, but her sufferings increased; and in less than two weeks the Earl of Essex advanced to besiege the city. Hearing that his lordship had set a price upon her head, she summoned sufficient resolution to leave her sick-bed, and with three faithful attendants hid herself in the woods between Exeter and Plymouth. A few of her ladies and officers, in various disguises, stole out of the town and joined her; among these was the valiant Jeffrey. For two days the faithful dwarf kept watch while the Queen lay hidden in a miserable little hut under a heap of rubbish, suffering from cold and hunger. She heard the enemy's soldiers pass by her retreat, exclaiming that they would carry the head of Henrietta to London, where Parliament had offered for her death a reward of fifty thousand crowns.

As soon as the troops had passed she left her hiding-place, and, accompanied by Jeffrey and a few other officers and attendants, made her way to Pendennis Castle. The Queen suffered greatly on the road, but at last reached the royal fortress on the 29th of June, 1644.

A friendly Dutch vessel was in the bay. In this the party set sail; but before they reached the shores of France a cruiser in the service of Parliament gave chase and fired on them several times. Sir Jeffrey was again in danger of being taken prisoner, but this time he escaped, although one shot hit the Queen's barque, and all gave themselves up for lost. In the nick of time a French fleet hove in sight and hastened to their rescue. The party

finally landed at a wild and rocky cove near Brest.

For a time Henrietta's French relatives generously gave her money, and, wishing to be near the baths at Bourbon, the poor Queen made her residence at an old palace in the city of Nevers. Next the chateau was an extensive park, and there was fought a famous duel between Sir Jeffrey and Mr. Crofts, a member of the Queen's household.

When his royal mistress was in greatest danger, the manikin had shown himself quite as brave as many of her cavaliers and much more useful; and ever since her escape from Exeter he had assumed an air of great importance

knight and other members of the royal household.

Jeffrey was furious, and nothing but a duel would heal his wounded honor. It was settled that Crofts and the dwarf were to meet on horseback, in order that Jeffrey might be more nearly on a level with his adversary, and that they were to fight with pistols.

Jeffrey carefully armed himself for the fray; but Crofts, who looked upon the whole affair as a joke, took with him nothing but a large squirt-gun, thinking to put out both his small opponent and the priming of his pistol by a generous shower of water. The angry Jeffrey, however, was a skillful horseman and an



that was highly amusing to the Queen's attendants. His temper had not improved by time, and he used to grow frantic with rage at any one who attempted to jest with him or tease him.

Accordingly, he announced with great dignity that he would challenge to mortal combat the first person who should allude to battles with turkey-cocks, or mention venison pasties, or who should insult him in any way. This, of course, gave promise of great fun to his tormentors, and Mr. Crofts lost no time in finding an opportunity to quote a part of Sir William D'Avenant's poem, "Jeffreidos," before the

accurate shot. He managed his steed with such dexterity that he avoided the shower aimed at him and killed Crofts with a shot from his pistol.

Great was the excitement at the palace when the news was told. The duel brought Queen Henrietta a great deal of trouble and proved the ruin of Jeffrey. In order to save his head, Henrietta wrote to Anne of Austria, Queen Regent of France, asking her to pardon the dwarf, and she also sent the following letter to the prime minister, Cardinal Mazarin:

MON COUSIN:—I have written to the queen, madame my sister, on the misfortune which has happened in my

house. Le Joffroy has killed the brother of Crofts. I have written to the commandeur the whole affair for your information; and what I wish is, that both one and the other being English and my domestics, the queen, my sister, will give me power to do justice or pardon as I would. This I would not do without writing to you, and praying you to aid me herein, as I ever do in all that concerns me, according to my profession of being, as I am, my cousin,

Your very affectionate cousin,
HENRIETTA MARIE.

NEVERS, October 20, 1644.

Sir Jeffrey's life was spared; but he could no longer retain his place at the court of his royal mistress. The brother of Crofts whom Jeffrey had killed was captain of the Queen's guard, and proved implacable in his pursuit. The dwarf was forced to escape to England, where he lived in obscurity for many years.

His kind protector, Charles I., died on the scaffold, and Queen Henrietta was long without money for her own living.

Jeffrey managed to exist at Oakham, his native town, on a small pension granted him by the Duke of Buckingham and a few others. During his residence there he grew, as I already said, till he was more than twice his former height, and his chief amusement was to tell his adventures to the country people.

After the great London plague and fire had devastated the city, Sir Jeffrey (he never forgot his title), was induced to pay a visit to the son of his beloved Queen Henrietta, who was then reigning as Charles II. At this time the whole nation was excited over the supposed discovery of a plot to assassinate the king, and Jeffrey was accused of complicity and thrown into prison with numerous other persons.

The merry Monarch,

Who never said a foolish thing
And never did a wise one,

left the enquiry about the plot and plotters to drag on for years, and certainly did not trouble himself to find out whether his mother's favorite dwarf was innocent or not. Poor Little Jeffrey in gaol must have presented a most fantastic appearance. His moustache was so long that the ends almost "twisted back amongst, and mingled with, his grizzled hair." His head, hands, and feet seemed rather large for the rest of his body, and the only clothes he had were his worn-out court fineries, the lace and embroideries of which were tarnished and torn.

He had an old cracked guitar, on

which he occasionally strummed the air while he sang some of the Spanish or Moorish ballads he had learned in former days. The little voice that at one time had served to divert and amuse the highest in the land grew feebler and feebler, and finally, in 1682, it ceased altogether.

The valiant Jeffrey died, all unnoticed and uncared for, in his cell in the Gate-House, Westminster. His little waistcoat of blue satin, slashed and ornamented with pinked white silk, and his breeches and stockings, in one piece of blue satin, are preserved and may still be seen in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford.

No tomb marks his resting-place, but he has been immortalized by two of the greatest artists of his time, Vandyck and Daniel Mytens.

DON'T BITE THE LIPS.

The lip biting habit will mar the prettiest face ever turned out of Nature's work-shop. All the cold cream, lip salves, and glycerine lotions introduced upon the toilet table will not remedy the parched, cracked appearance due to a continual lip gnawing process. Not until the habit is entirely broken off is there any hope of a change. Girls frequently drift into this ugly practice through a foolish vanity that prompts them to "wear their dimples" all the time. Others bite their lips from nervousness, and sometimes if a girl has pale, colorless lips, she will try to vivify them by an occasional pressure with her teeth. After a time, however, she nibbles away unconsciously, and by-and-bye her mouth loses its pretty curves, becomes rough and puffy-looking, and all the charm of her face is gone.

GOD'S MUSIC.

Since ever the world was fashioned,
Water, and air, and sod,
A music of divers meaning
Has flowed from the hands of God.

In valley, and gorge, and upland,
On stormy mountain height,
He makes Him a harp of the forest,
He sweeps the chord with might;

He puts forth his hand to the ocean,
He speaks and the waters flow—
Now in a chorus of thunder,
Now in a cadence low.

He touches the waving flower bells,
He plays on the woodland streams—
A tender song, like a mother
Sings to her child in dreams.

But the music divinest and dearest,
Since ever the world began,
Is the manifold passionate music
He draws from the heart of man!



The Baby in the Tub.

Little Eddy was just three years old. His father was a fisherman; his mother was a washwoman, and did the washing for the city people who came down to the beach in summer. They were very poor folk, and lived in a very small house, half way down the side of the bluff that runs out into the ocean. Along that side of the bluff, and away out across the beach, runs a little stream, where Eddy's mamma used to wash the clothes when the tide was out; for the stream was shallow and the water quite fresh.

One day she took down a large tub full of clothes to wash, and while she worked little Eddy played about on the sand and dabbled with his little pink feet in the shallow pools of the creek. When the clothes were all washed and wrung out, she laid them in a large sheet, and made them up into a bundle, which she threw over her shoulder so as to carry it up the hill. She called to Eddy to go with her, and they started together; but before they had gone very far, Eddy ran back to chase a flock of sandpipers on the beach, and forgot all about going home. After a while he felt tired and sleepy. Now it happened that his mother, after emptying out the wash-tub, had left it standing on a little sandbank near the edge of the bay; and inside of it she had left an old coverlet, which had served to keep the clothes from blowing away out of the tub when she brought them down. Eddy crept into the tub and curled himself up in a funny little heap in the soft coverlet, where he soon fell fast asleep.

Meanwhile his mother had hung up all her clothes on the clothes-line, and

then noticed, for the first time, that Eddy was nowhere about. She called him, but not a sound answered; she looked through the house, but no Eddy was there. Then she looked down and saw her wash-tub on the sand; but the little fellow in the tub she could not see. She only saw that he was nowhere on the beach, and she began to be very much frightened; so that, though she knew the tide was coming in, she could not even stop to save her wash-tub, but ran as fast as she could go to the top of the bluff and then down the road to the neighbors', to ask if anyone had seen Eddy. Of course nobody had seen him; and while they were talking about him and looking for him, the tide came in and floated the tub from the little sand bank. Now that afternoon a smart little breeze chanced to be blowing off shore. The wash-tub, with little Eddy's weight in it, canted over toward the side, and the opposite side stood high out of the water and made a very good sort of a



sail. So, instead of going up-stream with the tide, Eddy's new-fashioned boat sailed straight out to sea, passed safely over the tiny breakers at the mouth of the stream, and stood boldly out, heading due east for the Old World.

Eddy's father, as I said before, was a fisherman. He used to go out very early in the morning, with trawls and hand-lines, sometimes a long way from home. After setting his trawls he would spend the day in fishing with his hand-lines, and towards the evening, after visiting the trawls and taking off the fish that were caught, he would come home, either rowing or, if the wind favored, under sail. Now, that afternoon, while Eddy was taking his sail in the wash-tub, his papa was sailing home along shore in his boat, and he noticed something floating in the water a little distance out seaward. At first he could not make out what it was; but men who live much on the sea soon become very far-sighted, and it was not

long before he saw that it was a wash-tub. He was very tired, and he knew that if he went out to pick up the tub, he would have to row back against the wind; but, then, he was very poor, and he thought to himself how useful another wash-tub would be to his wife. So in spite of his weariness he turned his boat, and, going out before the wind, he soon overtook, or as the sailors say, "overhauled," the slow-sailing tub.

"Why, that's a master good tub, that is," said he, when he came near "and bless my heart, what's that inside? Why, if there ain't a lot of old clothes in there!" and so saying, he took hold of the tub and went to pulling out what he supposed to be the old clothes; and just think how he felt when, down among the folds of the coverlet, he found his own little rosy-cheeked, blue-eyed, yellow-haired, roly-poly baby that he loved so much!

How he hugged him and kissed him, and how glad he was that he had not been lazy enough to let the old wash-tub go! There, indeed, was a reward for his trouble!

He took little Eddy in his boat, and the tub, too, and then he pulled home, and ran with the high tide right into the stream just below his house. His wife saw him coming, and she ran down towards the shore, crying as if her heart would break; and with her came some of the kind neighbors, who were doing all they could to comfort her.

One of them told her that her wash-tub was on the boat, but what did she care for the tub, when she had lost her little darling? She didn't even look up. Nobody saw Eddy; for he had soon gone to sleep again, and was lying at the bottom of the boat all covered up in his papa's big pea-jacket.

When the boat touched the sand, and was drawn up high and dry, Eddy's father stepped up to the women and asked what they were all crying about. But he didn't wait for an answer, for the tears stood thick in his own eyes. "Look e' here, Mary," said he, "I've brought ye back your tub; and what d' ye s'pose I found in it?" and with that he caught up the boy from the stern of the boat and laid him in his mother's arms.

Of course I need not try to tell you how glad she was to see her heedless wanderer again. She took Eddy up to their house, and gave him a good supper, and put him into his little crib.

The next day nearly all the boarders at the beach came to see the little sailor boy that went to sea in a tub; and when they saw what nice people Eddy's parents were, and how very poor, they collected a good sum among themselves, and they bought the poor fisherman a fine sail-boat; so after that he made a good living by taking out people that wanted a sail. And little Eddy often went out with them.

N. P. FRANCIS.



Snowflake.

One day papa Wells came from the woods carrying something white in his arms.

"O mamma! come here quick!" shouted little Benny. "See what papa's got, I believe it is a little polar bear."

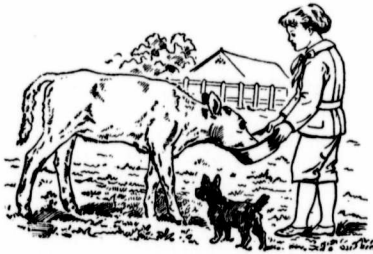
"I hardly think so," laughed mamma.

You see mamma had been showing Benny pictures of animals that live where it is all snow and ice. By this time papa had reached the door, and he put down upon the ground—what do you think? A little white calf.

"Oh! isn't it a beauty; give it to me, papa," begged Benny, hugging and patting the little creature. "Where did you find it, papa?"

"Down in the woods. The old cow wouldn't let the little thing come near her, so I brought it to the house," said papa.

"I can feed her and take care of her. Can I have her?" said Ben, looking anxiously at his father.



"Yes, yes, but you must take care of her yourself," said papa, hurrying off to the farm.

"Course I can take care of her," said Benny, straightening up and looking important. "I'm six years old, I guess papa forgot that."

Turning to mamma he asked:

"What should I call her? She's so soft, and white, and pretty, just like the snowflakes. Snowflake 'll be a good name, won't it, mamma?"

"A very nice name," said mamma.

"Please get some milk, mamma. Snowflake's most starved."

Mamma warmed some milk. Benny held the dish and Snowflake drank "just like a pig," as Benny said.

Every day Benny combed and brushed Snowflake, and let her out of her pen for a short spell; she would follow him wherever he went.

Benny lived very near the river, and this river was a constant dread to mamma and grandma. Every morning grandma would say, "I know that boy will be drowned before night." Mamma

told Benny he must not go down to the river to play at all.

One day Snowflake and Benny were taking a walk. Benny said, "You don't know what the river is, do you, Snowflake? I'll take you down there and let you look at it. Mamma said not to play there and we won't; we'll come right back."

Benny went down to the river, Snowflake trotting after him. Now, Snowflake wasn't a bit afraid of Gypsy, Benny's little dog, but when she saw Mr. Brown's big dog, Jumbo, come bounding toward her, she gave one frightened bleat and jumped into the river. "Mamma, papa, Snowflake is drowned," and jumping into a boat that was rocking on the shore he pushed out into the water. Papa, mamma, and the hired man came running out of the house.

"Oh, my boy will be drowned! My boy will be drowned," said mamma, wringing her hands and crying.

The river was shallow near the shore, and papa and the hired man waded out until they could reach the boat, and then rowed out to Snowflake and took her into the boat. Benny put his arms around mamma's neck when he got out of the boat and said, "I made Snowflake believe that you meant something else, but you didn't, and I never'll do so again;" and mamma understood.

H. R. COLE.

Brownville, N. Y.

For Inky Fingers.

A little girl named Alice has made a wonderful discovery, which she thinks all other little school boys and girls should know too.

"It's so useful, mamma," she said the other day. "Every boy and girl gets ink on their fingers, you know."

"Surely they do, and on their clothes as well," said her mother.

"I can't get the spots out of my clothes, but I'm sorry when they get there, responded the little girl. "I try very hard not to. But I can get the ink spots off my fingers. See!"

She dipped her fingers into water, and while they were wet she took a match out of the match safe, and rubbed the sulphur end well over every inky spot. One after another she rubbed, and one after another the spots disappeared, leaving a row of white fingers where had been a row of inky black ones.

"There!" said the little girl, after she had finished, "Isn't that good? I read that in a housekeeping paper, and I never knew they were any good be-

fore. I clean my fingers that way every morning now. It's just splendid!"

Some other school girls and boys might try Alice's cure for inky fingers.

The Story of the Umbrella.

Said Tommy to Susie, "Do come for a walk,
Say Granny a visit, and have a nice talk:
A basket of eggs to her we can take,
And Mammy has also made her a cake.
I'll get Dad's umbrella, it's left in the hall,
It will shelter us both, as we are very small."



They had not set out very far on the way,
Hoping to have a really fine day.
When down the rain came like a water-spout,
The wind rose up and banged them about.



To hold the umbrella hard they did try
When a great gust of wind blew it up to the sky.
Little Tommy fell back with a bump and a bound,
And all the fresh eggs dropped on to the ground.



Tom picked himself up and rubbed his coat dry,
Poor Susie did nothing but mournfully cry.
"Oh! what shall we do? What will Daddy say
When he hears his umbrella has blown right away?"



"Susie," said Tom, "we need not much mind,
Daddy and Granny are always so kind;
He won't mind his loss, nor Granny her eggs,
As long as we only are safe on our legs!"

The Snow.

From the clouds the flakes of snow
Wander to the world below,
Falling lightly,
Softly, whitely,
To the ground,
Heaping drifts without a sound.

Now the wind begins to blow
Swifter, swifter comes the snow,
Falling thickly,
Rushing quickly,
Soon there'll be
Castles built for you and me.

Johnny Jump-Up.

Tuck them in every one, cosy and snug,
Cover them up with this beautiful rug,
Fashioned of brightest of autumn's gay leaves,—
None but Dame Nature such tapestry weaves.

Next comes a blanket, so downy and light,
A blanket of snow. Little seedlets, "good night:
Good night for the winter." They slept, safe and
warm,
With never a dream or thought of alarm.

Slept till the birdies had come back to sing
Their carols of welcome to beautiful spring.
"Up with the blanket!" old Father Sol cries,
" 'Tis time for the sleepy heads all to arise!"

Down in the earth they heard the glad sound,
Popped up their heads, and gazed all around,
Gone were the blanket and rug, out of sight,
The world was aglow in the sun's cheery light,
Covered already with daintiest green;
But never a sign of a flower could be seen.

"Johnny jump up!" cried the glorious sun,
Up they all sprang at the call, every one,
Shivered at first, as though they felt cold;
Donned their fine raiment of purple and gold;
Snuggled together as close as they could,
"Two—little—faces—under—a—hood."

ELIZABETH R. BURNS.

Montreal.

How a Spider Undresses.

Did you ever see a spider change his skin? It is an interesting sight, one that will well repay any one for the time lost in waiting for the novel event to take place, says a writer who knows. When preparing for the change the spider stops eating for several days, and makes his preliminary arrangements by fastening himself by a short thread of web to one of the main lines of his snare; this to hold him firmly while he proceeds to undress. First the skin cracks all around the thorax, being held only by the fore part. Next the abdomen is uncovered, and then comes the struggle to free the legs. He works and kicks vigorously, seeming to have a very hard time of it. Fifteen minutes of continued perseverance, however, brings him out of his old dress, the struggle causing him to appear limp and lifeless for some time after it is finished. Gradually he comes back to life, brighter and more beautiful than before the trying ordeal was begun.

ANIMAL STORIES.

Pussy Set a Bait.

My uncle is very fond of his old cat Tabby, writes Robert James Ray, of Jersey Mills, Beauce County, Que. He pets and talks to her very much. Tabby is remarkable for her wit and cunning. Not long ago she caught a bird that was picking at a bone in the back yard. Old Tabby sat in the wood-shed looking at the bird with wistful eyes. Uncle, who was watching her, saw that she did not care to spring, for the bone lay quite a distance from where she sat. At this juncture aunt came into the yard and the bird flew off. Tabby then crept out, and taking the bone in her mouth carried it within two or three feet of the door, and then resumed her former position to await the return of the bird. She did not wait long, however, for the bird came back soon and was pounced upon by pussy, who felt very proud of her victory. This is a true story.

The Pouch of a Chipmunk.

One summer as I was gathering plums in our orchard my attention was taken by a chipmunk on the ground about five yards away which was busily engaged filling its pouches with plum stones which it removed from the over-ripe plums lying on the ground, writes Walter H. Moodie, of St. Francois, Que. I think it had some in its mouth when I saw it, and out of curiosity I watched to see how many it could dispose of, when to my astonishment I saw it put in thirteen stones. Then with a flick of its tail and a squeak it scampered off to hide its load for use during the coming winter. Two or three days afterwards I saw how a chipmunk extracts the kernel from the hard shell. Holding the stone up edgewise it nibbled all round the edge, turning the stone round and round till the two pieces fell apart, leaving the kernel in its two front paws, from which it was quickly transferred to its mouth.

Adventures of a Goose.

The following was written by Miss Victoria Madill, of Brougham, Ont., at the age of eleven years: "My papa is a farmer. Grandma lives on a farm just a short distance from us. Some time ago she gave me a pair of geese. I was very fond of them; but one very windy night the wind blew the straw stack over, and when papa went out in the morning and noticed it, his first care was to see if anything was missing that might be underneath it. He soon discovered that

the geese were gone, and having noticed them by the side of the stack the night before, he at once began pulling away the straw to liberate them, and soon found them. They were both alive, but one so badly hurt that it died soon afterward. The other was not much hurt; but seemed to miss its mate very much, and used to go calling around as if she were lonesome. She soon struck up a friendship with the cows. As the weather grew cold and the cattle were tied in their stables for the night, the old goose refused to be separated from them, and used to follow them in the stable. At first papa, thinking she would get hurt, tried to drive her out; but she would run farther up in the stall by their heads, where she would sit down, and as papa could not get her out without a great deal of trouble, he let her remain. He soon noticed that the cows appeared to like her as well as she did them, for they would put down their heads and seem as if talking to her, and would move their feet very carefully if she was near them. She stayed with them all winter, and even when they were let out in the yard during the day she would keep close to them, quite under their feet, and you would wonder how she escaped being stepped on. As the weather got warm and the cattle were in the pasture, she would follow them, going out with them in the morning and coming back when they did at night. As the summer advanced water being scarce the cattle had to be driven twice a day to a pond about a mile from us. We used to notice them coming home at night in a long line, motherly old Rose taking the lead and the old white goose bringing up the rear. One rainy, foggy night the cows came home as usual and were turned into the milking yard where we used to keep them enclosed during the night. After being milked they all lay down as if settled for the night; and the old goose tucked her head under her wing as if tired with the day's wanderings. When it was nearly dark we heard the old goose calling as if lost. Upon going out to see what was the matter I noticed the gate had been left open and the cows had gone out. I could just dimly see them through the fog in the big meadow north of the barn. It seemed the old goose had been asleep and so had missed them, and was vainly calling to them. As it was now raining quite fast, and not knowing what to do to comfort her I returned to the house, but kept watch out of the window to see what she would do as she was still calling, seemingly in great distress. I presently saw her going through the still open gate in the

direction which the cows had taken. As this was in quite a different direction to that which they usually went, I wondered how she knew which way to go and thought the cows must have answered her call. By this time it had grown quite dark, and the cows were nowhere to be seen. I could just see the goose like a white speck moving along through the field leading to the meadow. Presently papa came in saying he had been to bring the cows back to the barn yard. I asked him if the old goose was with them, and he said she was. After this we thought her very smart. Now I come to a sad part of my story. I must tell you that just across the road from where we live is an old tumble-down log house. No one has lived there within my remembrance. In it is a wide, old-fashioned fire-place. One evening papa said that two old tramps had taken up their lodging in the old house. It being Saturday night we concluded they intended to stay over Sunday. Sunday morning when mamma was milking she noticed a smoke coming from the chimney of the old house. As soon as I was up I noticed the old goose was nowhere to be seen. I at once told papa, and together we searched but could not find her any place about. The cattle went to their pasture without her for the first time in a long while. Early Monday morning papa took a walk up to the old house, as he had been told that some one passing early Sunday morning heard a goose making a noise, and thinking she might have got fast, he went up to see. He found the tramps had gone, but there were the smouldering embers of a fire on the hearth, together with a quantity of half burned feathers. A further search revealed a number of bones, which proved beyond a doubt the fate of my poor old goose. She being so tame we easily supposed the tramps had noticed her; and thinking she would make a good breakfast had slaughtered her without mercy. It was a long time before I could get over the loss of my poor old goose.

Ants Macadamize a Road.

Miss Isabel Howard-O'Keefe, the clever Australian traveller and lecturer, writes as follows to the editor of OUR HOME: "I have been much interested in the animal stories published in OUR HOME. I am glad to see that so many of your readers are observing the ways of animals and insects, for no study is more entertaining. Allow me to add another story to the many interesting ones you have published. I remember once seeing in Australia a family of

ants toiling most industriously to secure their winter store. The provender which they wished to secure for their larder was at some distance from their home, and, with much interest I watched them conveying the tiny morsels to the place of destination.

I noticed that they travelled over part of the way with the greatest possible difficulty, having to turn round and keep backing for a few seconds, so that the atom of food was dragged along instead of being carried in front as they usually do. After this severe struggle to get over the ground, they suddenly turned their heads in the direction of the ant-hill and then advanced with extraordinary rapidity.

This excited my curiosity, for there appeared to be no difference whatever in any part of the grassy path they were traversing. However, on closer examination I found to my surprise, that these industrious and ingenious little creatures had—so to speak—literally macadamized a tiny roadway from the opening of the ant hill, and extending a considerable distance towards the garden. Their self-constructed road was formed of the minutest particles of smooth gravel, and coarse grains of sand laid quite evenly, and so close together that they formed a perfectly level path over which they travelled with great speed. With a view to assisting them in this work, I very gently lifted one of them up bodily, by the morsel with which it was toiling along, placing it an inch from its own door.

This, however, I found was no real service but a serious loss of time to it, for, after having gone from side to side in the most painful perplexity, it started off in a wrong direction, though in a few moments, it recovered sufficient presence of mind to return. It is true I had saved it a journey of ten or twelve yards, but unintentionally I had caused it unnecessary alarm, and painful anxiety regarding its whereabouts.

Therefore, concluding that human ways are not the ways of ants, I resolved to leave the little creatures unmolested for the future, confining myself to the duty of protecting them from harm when occasion presented itself, which happened to be the very next day, for to my consternation, I found some grown boys and girls amusing themselves by crushing down the tiny ant hills, and killing the harmless inhabitants as they rushed about, not knowing the cause of their destruction.

Had these children known even a little about the wonders of insect life they would not have been guilty of this act of cruel and wanton destruction.

THE TAVERN IN SPESSART.

[Translated from the German.]

Many years ago, when the roads in Spessart were much less frequented than they are now, two young men were wending their way through the forest. One of them, about eighteen years of age, followed the trade of compass-maker; while the other, a goldsmith, could scarcely have exceeded his sixteenth year, and was evidently making his first journey into the world. The evening was far advanced, and the narrow path which the two friends followed was darkened by the shadows of gigantic pines and beeches. The compass-maker strode boldly on, whistling an air, and play-occasionally with his dog Pluck, and seemed little affected by the knowledge that night was close at hand, and that the nearest inn was far distant. But Felix, the goldsmith, often looked round uneasily. When the wind muttered through the trees, he believed he heard footsteps coming behind him. When the shrubs along the path waved, or opened for a moment, he could not help thinking he saw faces lurking behind them.

The young goldsmith was usually neither superstitious nor timid. In Wurzburg, where he had learned his trade, he passed with his comrades for an intrepid lad whose heart was in the right place; but to-day a strange depression affected his spirits. He had been told so much of the dangers of Spessart;—that a numerous band of robbers plied their trade in the forest; that many travellers had been plundered within the last few weeks; nay, that dreadful deeds of blood had been committed there at no distant time;—that he could not banish the thought that he and his friend were only two defenceless men, and could offer little resistance to a gang of armed marauders. He regretted that he had been persuaded by the compass-maker to go on another stage, instead of remaining over night at the entrance of the forest.

"If I am murdered to-night, and robbed of everything I have, it is your fault, compass-maker, for you have brought me into this frightful wood."

"Don't be a coward!" replied the other. "A travelling journeyman should never be afraid. What is it you dread? Do you think that the gentlemen robbers in Spessart will do us the honor to attack and murder us? Why should they take the trouble? For the sake of my Sunday coat in the knapsack, or the dollar we have for expenses? Men

must travel in companies, and be dressed in silk and gold, to make it worth these robbers' while to murder them for booty."

"Stop! did you hear a whistle in the forest?" cried Felix, in agony.

"It was only the wind whistling through the trees. Step out bravely; this road cannot be much longer."

"It's very well for you to talk as you do about being murdered," continued the goldsmith. "They ask you what you have, and at most take away your Sunday coat and a few kreutzers. But me they will murder on the spot, for the sake of the jewels and trinkets I have about me."

"Bah! why should they murder you for that? Suppose four or five men came out of that bush, with loaded guns, and should say very politely, 'Gentlemen, what have you in your pockets?' or 'Give yourselves no uneasiness, gentlemen, we will help you carry your burdens.' You would not behave like a fool; you would open your knapsack, lay your yellow vest, and your blue coat, your two shirts, and your necklaces, bracelets, combs, and what not, politely on the ground, and consider yourself a lucky fellow for saving your life so easily."

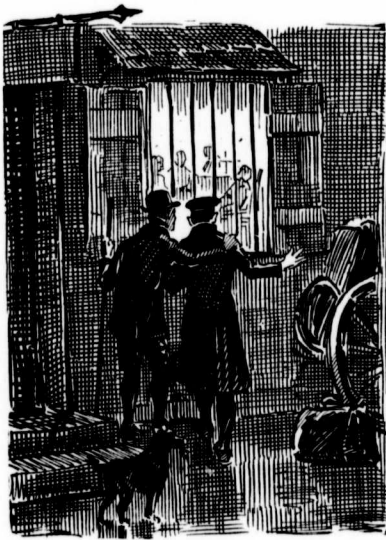
"And do you think," answered Felix, "I would surrender so easily, the jewels I am carrying to my godmother, the countess? My life sooner!—sooner be cut into little pieces! Has she not always been a mother to me, and brought me up since I was ten years old? Has she not paid for my education, my clothes, my everything? And now, when I can visit her, and carry her some of my own work which she ordered of my master,—when I can show her some specimens of the beautiful trade I have learned,—am I to give up everything? And the yellow vest which she gave me besides? No, I will die before I will give my godmother's jewels to these rascals."

"Don't be a fool!" cried the compass-maker. "If they murder you, the countess will not get her jewels any sooner. So it is better for you to give them up, and save your life."

Felix made no reply. The night was by this time upon them, and by the dim light of the moon they could scarcely see three paces in advance. Felix grew more uneasy every moment, kept closer by his friend's side, and hesitated whether to assent to his arguments or not. After advancing for nearly a league, they perceived a light in the distance. The young goldsmith suggested that they should not trust it, for it might be the house of the robbers;

but the compass-maker answered that robbers had their houses or rather their holes, under ground, and that this must be the tavern to which they had been directed by a man who met them at the entrance of the wood.

The house was long and low, and before it stood a cart, the horses of which they could hear neighing in the stable. The compass-maker beckoned his companion to a window, the shutters of which stood open. By standing on tiptoe they could overlook the whole room. A man was sleeping in a chair by the fireplace, who, judging by his dress, was probably a carrier, and doubtless the owner of the cart before the door. On the opposite side, a woman and her maid sat spinning. Beyond the table, and against the wall, sat a man with a glass of wine before him, his head resting in his hands, so that his features could not be seen. The compass-maker inferred from his dress, however, that he was a man of considerable rank.



While they were still peering in, a dog barked inside the house. Pluck answered, and a maid-servant appeared at the door and looked out at the strangers.

On the promise of obtaining supper and beds, they entered the house, and laying down their heavy bundles, and their hats and sticks in a corner, seated themselves at the table near the gentleman. The latter, raising his head at

their salute, proved to be a handsome young man, who thanked them courteously for their greeting.

"You are late on the road," said he. "Were you not afraid to travel through Spessart so dark a night? For my own part, I preferred to put up my horse at this tavern, to riding a single league further."

"You were perfectly right, sir," answered the compass-maker. "The footsteps of a fine horse are music to the ears of robbers. They will hear it a league distant; but when a couple of poor lads like us creep on foot through the forest, people whom the robbers would be obliged to help instead of plundering, they never stir a foot!"

"That is so," said the carrier, who had been waked by the entrance of the new-comers. "They cannot make much in the shape of money out of a poor man. But there are instances where they have cut down poor people from a mere lust for murder, or else compelled them to enter their gang and serve as robbers themselves."

"Nay, if that is the kind of people in this forest," said the young goldsmith, "this house will be little protection to us. We are only four, or, with the hostler, five; and, suppose a dozen of them saw fit to attack us, what resistance could we make? And, besides," he added in a whisper, "what reason have we for thinking that the people of this house are honest?"

"No fear of that," answered the carrier. "I have known this tavern for ten years, and have never noticed anything suspicious. The master is seldom at home; they say he deals in wine. The woman is a very quiet person, and will harm nobody. No; you do her injustice, young man."

"And yet," broke in the gentleman, "I cannot easily forget what people say about them. You remember the rumor of those persons who disappeared some time ago in this forest, and left no trace of their whereabouts. Several people said they had spent the night in this tavern; and yet, when weeks elapsed, and nothing was heard of their fate, and their path had been traced as far as this house, the reply to every enquiry was that they had never been here. It is certainly suspicious."

"God knows it is!" cried the compass-maker. "It would have been safer for us to have passed the night under the nearest tree, than within these four walls, where escape is impossible; for the windows are grated."

The turn the conversation had taken made them all thoughtful. It seemed far from improbable that this road-side

inn was, either by freewill or compulsion, in alliance with the robbers. The night threatened, therefore, to be perilous, for they had heard many stories of travellers attacked and murdered in their sleep; and even if their lives were not in danger, yet some of the guests of the tavern were of such narrow means that the loss of even a part of their property would have been extremely embarrassing. The four companions looked moodily into their glasses. The young gentleman wished he was travelling on his trusty horse through a safe, open valley; the compass-maker, that he had a dozen of his comrades, armed with cudgels, as a body-guard. Felix, the goldsmith, was unhappy, more for the sake of his benefactress' jewels than himself; but the carrier, who sat blowing the smoke of his pipe from his lips with a thoughtful air, said, after a pause: "Gentlemen, we ought not to permit them to surprise us in our sleep. I, for one, will keep guard all night, if one of you will back me."

"I am ready,"—"So am I,"—"And so am I," cried the other three. "I should find it impossible to sleep," added the young gentleman.

"Well, what shall we do to keep ourselves awake?" said the carrier. "As there are just four of us, I think a game of cards would be a good thing. It will keep us awake, and help the time along too."

"I never play cards," answered the gentleman; "so I, at least, cannot join you in it."

"And I know nothing of cards," added Felix.

"What can we do, then?" said the compass-maker. "Sing? That would only attract the robbers, besides being stupid. Propose riddles and conundrums? That would not last long. Gentlemen, what do you say to telling stories? Amusing or serious, true or false, they will keep us awake, and pass the time as well as card-playing."

"I'm agreed, if you will begin," said the young gentleman, laughing. "You men of business travel into all countries, and no doubt have plenty of excellent stories at your tongue's ends. Every city has its own tales and traditions."

"Ay, ay, we hear a good many things," answered the compass-maker. "But gentlemen like you study books, and read a great many wonderful things. Of course you can tell much finer and stranger tales than poor journeymen travellers like us. I am very much mistaken if you are not a scholar."

"No scholar," replied the gentleman, with a laugh; "merely a student, returning home for my vacation. But what we find in our books resembles stories much less than what you pick up here and there in your wanderings. So begin, friend, if the others are ready."

"When a man tells me a good story," said the carrier, "I prefer it to playing cards. I often travel these country roads for leagues and leagues at a snail's pace, listening to some person walking alongside, and telling me a story. In bad weather I have taken up many a man in my cart, on condition he would tell me some tale; and I never like a companion so well, I believe, as when he can describe his own or other people's adventures for seven or eight hours together."

"So it is with me," said the young goldsmith. "I could listen to stories all my life, I believe. So give us something good, compass-maker, for I know you can tell stories from now till to-morrow morning before your stock is exhausted."

The compass-maker had assumed an easy posture, and was on the point of beginning his story, when the landlady set her spinning-wheel aside, and came toward the guests at the table. "Gentlemen, it is time to go to bed," said she. "It has struck nine, and you can have all day to-morrow."

"What! go to bed now!" exclaimed the student; "my dear madam, set a bottle of wine before us, and we will keep you up no longer."

"Out of the question," replied she, surlily; "as long as the guests remain in the kitchen the landlady and servants never go to bed. In short, gentlemen, be off to your rooms. I am tired, and nobody tipples in my house after nine o'clock."

"What are you thinking of, landlady?" asked the compass-maker in amazement. "What objection can you have to our sitting here, if you are not kept up by us? We are honest people, and shall carry nothing away, nor leave your house without paying our bills. Such treatment as this I never met with in a tavern in all my life."

The woman's eyes flashed with anger. "Do you think," said she, "that I am going to change all my rules for the sake of every fool of a journeyman, or every loafer who owes me a dozen kreutzers? I tell you once for all, I'll do no such thing."

The young man was about to make some reply to this tirade, when the student gave him a meaning glance, and made a sign to the rest. "Well,"

said he, "if the landlady insists on it, we will go to our rooms. Of course you will give us lights to find our way with?"

"It cannot be done," replied the woman angrily. "The others must find their way in the dark, and this bit of candle is big enough for your purposes. I have nothing else in the house."

The young gentleman made no answer, but silently took up the candle and rose from his seat. The others followed his example, and the two journeymen took up their bundles to carry them to their chamber. They then followed the student, who lighted them up stairs.

When they came to the top, the student requested them to walk softly, and opening his chamber door, invited them by a gesture to enter. "There can be no doubt," said he, "that they mean to betray us. Did you notice how earnestly she tried to send us to bed, and how she deprived us of all means of keeping together and remaining awake? She thinks, probably, we shall soon go to sleep, and her game will be all the easier."

"But do you think we cannot escape?" said Felix. "In the wood we might defend ourselves more easily than in this room."

"The windows are all barred, like those below," said the student, trying in vain to loosen one of the iron cross-bars. "But one way of escape is left to us, and that is by the front door; but I do not believe they would let us go out."

"We can but try it," said the carrier. "I will try whether I can go out into the court-yard. If it can be done, I will come back and show you the way."

The rest approving of this proposition, the carrier slipped off his shoes and crept on tiptoe down stairs. His comrades listened in intense anxiety from their chamber above. Already had half the flight been descended without mishap, when, as the carrier turned a corner round a pillar, a huge dog suddenly rose on his hind legs before him, and resting his paws on his shoulders, showed a double row of long, sharp teeth, directly before his eyes. He was afraid either to advance or retreat, for at his slightest movement, the horrible creature snapped fiercely at his throat. He began, therefore, a fearful howling and bellowing, and the hostler and the landlady speedily made their appearance with lights in their hands.

"Where are you going? What do you want?" cried the mistress of the house.

"I want to get something from my cart," answered the carrier, trembling for his life, for, as the door opened he

had caught sight of several dark, suspicious-looking men with guns in their hands, sitting in the kitchen.

"You should have got all you wanted before," said the landlady, gruffly. "Grip, come here. Jacob, open the front door, and light the gentleman to his cart."

The dog withdrew his frightful muzzle from the carrier's face, and lay down again on the stairs; the hostler meanwhile had thrown open the door, and held a light for the carrier. While thinking what he should select from the articles in his cart, he called to mind a pound of wax candles which he was to carry to the neighboring city on the following day. "That little candle-end



will hardly last a quarter of an hour," said he to himself, "and lights we must have." So taking a couple of wax candles, and concealing them in his sleeve, he took for the sake of appearance a thick cloak from the cart, which he told the groom he wanted to cover himself with during the night.

He returned to the chamber of the student without accident. Here he told his comrades of the large dog keeping watch on the stairs, of the men of whom he had caught a momentary glimpse, and of all the precautions the robbers had taken to ensure success, and ended

with a sigh, saying, "We shall never live through this night."

"I do not think so," answered the student. "I cannot believe these robbers so reckless as to sacrifice the lives of four men for the sake of the trifling gain they can expect to make out of us. But we had better offer no resistance I think. I, for my part, am willing to abandon all I have. My horse is already in their hands; it cost me fifty ducats only four weeks ago; and my purse and clothes I will surrender willingly, for I confess I value my life more than all these put together."

"You have spoken sensibly," said the carrier, "as far as you yourself are concerned, for such things as you can lose can put you to little inconvenience. But I am the carrier from Aschaffenburg, and have all sorts of valuable articles in my cart, to say nothing of two fine horses in the stable here, which are all I own in the world."

"I hardly believe they will do you any injury," interposed the compass-maker. "The robbery of a carrier would make too great an excitement through the country. I am of the opinion of this gentleman. I would rather surrender everything I have in the world, and take an oath to say nothing about it, than venture my life against men with pistols and guns in their hands."

In the course of these observations the carrier had produced his wax candles, and, lighting one of them, set it on the table. "Then let us trust in God," said he, "and await what happens. Let us sit down again together, and keep ourselves awake by storytelling."

A noise in front of the tavern interrupted the speaker at this point. They heard a carriage drive up, several voices called for lights, a loud knocking at the front door, and several dogs howling and barking outside. The chamber assigned to the carrier and the journeyman looked out on the road, and the four companions ran into it to see what had take place. From what they could see by the faint light of the lanterns, a large travelling-carriage was standing before the inn; a tall man was helping a couple of ladies to alight, and they could see a coachman in livery taking out the horses, and another servant busy unbuckling the trunks. "God help them!" sighed the carrier. "If these people escape with whole skins from this horrible tavern, I need feel no anxiety for my poor cart."

"Hush!" whispered the student. "I suspect the robbers have been lying in wait for these persons, and not for us,

Probably they were informed of their route. If we could only put them on their guard! Stop. In the whole tavern there is not a decent chamber for the ladies except that next to mine. They will put them there. Stay quietly in this room, and I will try to warn the servant."

The young man crept back to his chamber and extinguished the candles, leaving the lamp burning which the landlady had given him, and then listened at the door. He soon heard the landlady coming upstairs with the ladies, and showing them into the neighboring room with many compliments. After urging her guests to go to sleep without delay, as they must be much fatigued by their long journey, she went downstairs. The student soon heard heavy footsteps ascending. He opened the door cautiously, and saw through the crack the tall man who had helped the ladies out of the carriage. He wore a hunting suit, had a cutlass by his side, and was apparently the courier or equery of the lady travellers. The student seeing that he was alone, opened his door rapidly and beckoned him in. The stranger approached with some surprise, and before he could enquire what was wanted of him, the student whispered: "Sir you have fallen to-night into a den of robbers!"

The man started back. The student now drew him wholly into the room, and told him all the circumstances which had excited his suspicions.

The stranger was much alarmed. He told the young man that the ladies, a countess and her waiting-woman, had at first intended to travel all night; but that about half a league's distance from this tavern they had met a horseman, who had enquired where they were going, and on being told that they were intending to travel all night through Spessart, he warned them that now-a-days the roads were very insecure. "If you set any value on an honest man's advice," he added, "give up your intention. There is a tavern not far off; bad and uncomfortable as it is, you would do better to pass the night there than run any unnecessary danger this dark night." The man who had given this advice had an honest look; and, in her fear of an attack of robbers, the countess had ordered her carriage to be stopped at the inn.

The courier held it to be his duty to inform the ladies of the threatened danger. He went into the next room, and soon after opened the door leading from the countess' chamber into the student's. The countess, a lady of

about forty years, came towards the student, pale with fear, and made him repeat the whole story. They then consulted what to do in this painful state of affairs, and decided at last to collect together as cautiously as possible the two servants, the carrier, and the travelling journeymen, in order to make, in case of an attack, at least a decent resistance.

When this had been done, the countess' chamber was locked towards the passage, and barricaded with chairs and sofas. She seated herself on the bed with her waiting-woman, and the two servants took their posts at her side. The earlier guests and the courier seated themselves round the table in the student's room, and resolved there to wait for the attack. It was now about ten o'clock; everything in the house was perfectly quiet and still, and as yet not a movement had been made



to disturb the guests. The compass-maker now said: "To keep ourselves awake, our best course is to do as we were doing before. That is, sir, we had commenced to tell each other stories; and if, Mr. Courier, you have no objection, we might go on."

The travellers entertained each other with stories for several hours. Finally the student said, "Midnight is long passed. There can be no further danger; and for my part I feel so sleepy that I should advise all to go to bed, and sleep without further alarm."

"I'll not trust the rogues before two o'clock," answered the courier. "The proverb says, you know, 'From eleven till two thieves mischief do.'"

"I agree with you," observed the compass-maker. "When a man means

to take you at a disadvantage, no time is so suitable as after midnight. But why cannot our friend, here, tell us a story to keep himself awake?"

"I have no objection," said the student "but I fear at this late hour I may put you all to sleep."

"Have no fear of that," said the courier, and all the others agreed with him.

"Very well, then," said the student and was about to commence, when he was interrupted by the barking of a dog, and all held their breaths to listen. At the same moment one of the countess' servants rushed into the room, and told them hurriedly that ten or twelve armed men were approaching the tavern at the side.

The courier seized his rifle, the student his pistols, the journeymen grasped their sticks, and the carrier drew a long knife from his pocket. Thus prepared, they stood and gazed uneasily in each others' faces.

"Let us go to the head of the stairs," said the student. "Two or three of these villains shall die, at any rate, before we are overpowered." At the same time he gave the compass-maker his second pistol, and recommended him to reserve his fire till his own pistol had been discharged. They placed themselves at the stairs; the student and the courier occupied their breadth, the valiant compass-maker stood at their side, bending over the balustrade and pointing his pistol down the centre of the flight, while the carrier and the goldsmith stood behind them, ready to do their part in case of a conflict of man against man. They stood for some minutes in silent expectation, till at length the noise of opening the front door reached their ears, and they thought they could make out the whispering of several voices. They heard soon after the footsteps of a number of men approaching, and then mounting the stairs, and at the turn three men came into view, who were certainly unprepared for the reception which awaited them, for, no sooner had they appeared round the central pillar, than the courier cried in a steady voice: "Halt! One step further, and you are dead men! Our pistols are loaded, friends, and our aim is good."

The robbers hastily retreated to consult with the others below. One of them came back shortly and said, "Gentlemen, it would be folly in you to sacrifice your lives, for we are numerous enough to exterminate you. Retire, gentlemen, and none of you shall suffer the slightest injury. We will not rob you of the value of a farthing."

"What is your purpose, then?" retorted the student. "Think you we will trust men of your stamp? Never! If you need anything of ours, come and take it, in God's name; but I shall fire at the forehead of the first man who ventures to turn that corner, and I promise him he shall never have the headache again."

"Surrender the lady to us, then, voluntarily," answered the robber. "Nothing shall happen to her; we will merely take her to a place of safety, and her people shall be allowed to ride back and notify the count that he can obtain her release for twenty thousand florins."

"Are we dogs, that you make such base proposals to us?" cried the

for my own life, but if I shoot one of these wretches they might ill-use the countess my mistress. I will consult with her ladyship. Give us," he added, in a louder voice, "a half-hour's truce to prepare the countess for this. It might kill her were she to learn it suddenly."

"Granted," answered the robber, at the same time posting six of his men to guard the stairs.

The unlucky travellers, in a state of great excitement and agitation, followed the courier into the countess' chamber. It lay so near the stairs, and the discussion had been so loud, that she had heard every word. She was pale, and trembled violently, but seemed resolved, notwithstanding, to submit without resistance to her fate.

"Why should I venture needlessly the lives of so many brave men?" said she. "Why call, for a useless resistance, on men who do not even know me? No; there is no other course left but to submit to these villains."

Every one was affected by the courage and misfortunes of the heroic lady; and the courier vowed, with many tears, that he could never survive the disgrace. The student regretted aloud his six feet of stature. "If I were only half a head shorter," said he, "and had no beard, I should know exactly what to do. I should dress myself in the countess' clothes, and these wretches would discover their mistake too late to prevent her escape."

The lady's misfortunes had made a deep impression on Felix. He felt towards her as he would have felt towards his own mother had he found her in this fearful position, and was willing and happy to sacrifice his life for hers. Hence, when the student made this last remark, a sudden thought flashed through his mind. He forgot every consideration of danger, and thought only of saving the lady from her perilous position. "If this is all," said he, stepping forward with a blush, "if it requires merely a beardless chin, a small body, and a stout heart to rescue this honorable lady, perhaps she will condescend to accept my humble services. Madam, in God's name, I entreat you to put on my coat, place my hat on your beautiful locks, take my bundle on your back, and assume the character of Felix the goldsmith."

The youth's courage filled every one with surprise, and the courier embraced him in the deepest gratitude. "My dear lad," he exclaimed, "and will you do this? Are you willing to assume her dress and save her from these villains? God has sent you to our aid. But you



courier, foaming with rage, and cocking his rifle. "I shall count three, and shoot you at the third, unless you instantly retire. One, two—"

"Halt!" shouted the robber in a voice of thunder. "Is it your custom to fire at an unarmed man who is talking with you peacefully? Foolish men! You can shoot me dead if you please; but here stand twenty of my comrades ready to avenge my death. How does it benefit your countess if you are slain? Believe what I say. If she surrenders without resistance, she shall be treated with all possible respect; but if you do not uncock your weapons before I count three, it will fare hardly with you. One, two, three!"

"These hounds are not to be trifled with," whispered the courier, obeying the robber's command. "I care little

shall not go alone. I will surrender myself with you; and while I live they shall not harm a hair of your head."

"I too will go with you," cried the student.

It consumed much time to persuade the countess to consent to this proposal. She could not bear to think that a perfect stranger should sacrifice his liberty, and perhaps his life, for her sake; and she pictured to herself the fearful revenge of the robbers on the young man, in case of their subsequent discovery of the deceit. But partly the young lad's entreaties, and partly the others' representations of the influences she could bring to bear to effect the release of her preserver, conquered



her unwillingness at last. The courier and the other travellers accompanied Felix into the student's chamber, where he speedily donned some of the clothes of the countess. The courier provided him with a few of the waiting-woman's false-curles, and a lady's bonnet, and all present assured him that detection was impossible. The compass-maker vowed that, were he to meet him thus disguised in the street, he should take off his hat and make him a polite bow, never dreaming that he was paying his respects to his stout-hearted fellow-traveller.

The countess meanwhile, with the aid of her waiting-woman, had supplied herself with a disguise from the goldsmith's knapsack. The hat, pressed low on her forehead, the walking-staff in her hand, and the bundle, somewhat light-

ened of its former burden, on her back, completely altered her appearance; and at any other time the allies would have laughed heartily at this amusing masquerade. The newly-made journeyman thanked Felix with tears of gratitude, and promised him the most speedy assistance.

"I have but one request to make," said Felix in answer. "In this knapsack you will find a little box. Guard it with care, for should it be lost I should be miserable forever. I am taking it to my godmother, and—"

"Gottfried, the courier, knows my castle," interrupted the countess. "It shall be restored to you uninjured. You will come for it, I trust, in person, noble youth, to receive the thanks of my husband and myself."

Before Felix could answer, the harsh voices of the robbers sounded up the stairs, crying that the respite had passed, and everything was ready for the countess' departure. The courier went down and told them his intention of accompanying the lady, stating that he preferred to go with them wherever they carried her, rather than appear before the count without his mistress. The student also expressed a similar resolve. The robbers consulted together a moment over this proposal, and then assented, on the condition that the courier laid aside his arms. At the same time they ordered the other travellers to remain quietly behind them when the countess should be carried away.

Felix lowered the veil attached to his bonnet, and seating himself in a corner, with his head supported in his hand, waited in an attitude of deep grief the arrival of the robbers. The rest of the travellers had withdrawn into the next chamber, but were still able to overlook what took place. The courier sat apparently overwhelmed with sorrow, but watching attentively everything which occurred in the opposite corner of the room. After sitting in this way a few minutes the door opened, and a handsome, richly-dressed man entered the chamber. He wore a sort of military uniform with an order on his breast, carried a sabre at his side, and held in his hand a hat decorated with beautiful feathers. Two of his men closed the door immediately after his entrance.

He approached Felix with a profound bow, appearing to be somewhat embarrassed in the presence of a lady of such high rank, and tried several times before he succeeded in expressing himself to his mind:

"Most honorable madam," said he,

"circumstances sometimes happen in which one is obliged to practise a little patience. Such is your situation now. Do not fear that I shall lose sight for a single moment of the respect due to a lady of your exalted rank. You will be provided with every comfort, and will have no cause for complaint, except perhaps for the alarm we have occasioned you this evening."

He stopped as if awaiting an answer, but receiving none, went on:

"You see in me, madam, no common thief. I am an unfortunate man, compelled by adverse circumstances to adopt this life. We desire to leave this locality for ever, but we need funds for our journey. It would be an easy matter for us to attack merchants or mail-coaches, but by so doing we should perhaps plunge many persons into poverty at once. The count, your husband, received, six weeks since, a legacy of five hundred thousand florins. We ask only twenty thousand florins from all this abundance—surely a just and moderate demand. You will therefore do us the honor to write an open letter to your husband, in which you will inform him that we hold you prisoner, and that he must pay your ransom as soon as possible. If he refuses—you understand me madam; we shall be compelled in that case to resort to harsher measures. The ransom will not be received unless brought here by a single messenger under the seal of profound secrecy."

This scene was watched with the most strained attention by all the guests of the tavern, and especially by the countess. She feared every moment to see the youth betray himself who had sacrificed himself for her sake. She was resolved to spend her whole fortune, if necessary, in procuring her release; but with equal firmness was her mind made up to endure any sacrifice, in case of his detection, rather than stir a step in company with the robbers. She had found a knife in the goldsmith's pocket. This she held clasped convulsively in her rigid hand, prepared to kill herself rather than submit to such a fate. Felix's mind was in a state of no less anxiety. To be sure he was strengthened and consoled by the thought that it was a manly and honorable deed to aid thus an oppressed and helpless woman; but he was constantly in fear lest he should disclose the secret by some awkward movement or by the tone of his voice. His uneasiness increased when the robber spoke of a letter he must write.

How should he write? What title should he give the count? What form

to the letter, so as not to betray himself?

His excitement reached its climax when the leader of the band laid before him paper and pens, and requested him to lift his veil and write to the count.

Felix was unconscious of the becomingness of his disguise. Had he known how well he looked, he would have felt no fears of a discovery; for when, driven by necessity, he at length threw back his veil, the gentleman in uniform appeared much struck by the lady's beauty and her manly and courageous expression, and looked upon her with increased respect. The quick eyes of the goldsmith did not fail to notice this; and satisfied that for the present no danger of detection need be feared, he took the pen and wrote a letter to his supposed husband, following a form which he had long ago seen in some old book. It ran thus:

"MY LORD AND HUSBAND: I, your unhappy wife, have been suddenly arrested in my journey, in the middle of the night, by people to whom it is impossible to attribute good motives. They mean to detain me in their keeping, my lord count, till you have advanced the sum of twenty thousand florins for my ransom.

"The condition is annexed that you make no appeal to the authorities to interfere in this matter, nor request of them assistance, and that you send the money to the roadside inn in Spessart by a single messenger; otherwise I am threatened with a longer and more severe imprisonment.

"She, who invokes by these presents your immediate assistance, is
Your unfortunate
WIFE."

He handed this curious letter to the robber, who read it through and expressed his approval.

"It rests now on your own decision," said he, "whether you will be accompanied by your waiting-maid or your courier. One of them I must send to your husband with this letter."

"My courier and this gentleman will accompany me," answered Felix.

"Good," replied the robber, going to the door and calling for the waiting-woman. "Instruct this woman in what she has to do, if you please, madam."

The woman made her appearance with fear and trembling. Even Felix turned pale as he thought how easily he might even now bring on a discovery. But a courage, incomprehensible even to himself, and which gave him energy in this hour of peril, supplied him with words:

"I have no other directions to give you," said he, "except to urge the count to release me as soon as possible from this painful situation."

"And also," added the robber, "inform the count in the most emphatic language that he must keep profoundly silent on this matter, nor make any attempt of a forcible nature against us, till his wife is again safe in his hands. My spies would speedily notify me of any such project, and should he do so, I should stick at nothing to frustrate his purpose."

The trembling waiting-woman promised everything. She was now ordered to pack a few articles of dress and clean linen in a bundle, for the countess' use, as the robbers were not disposed to be incommoded by much luggage; and when this had been done the leader of the gang, with a profound bow, requested the lady to follow him. Felix rose, the courier and the student joined him, and all three went down stairs in company with the robber-captain.

A number of horses were standing before the tavern. One of these was assigned to the courier, another, a small, handsome animal provided with a side-saddle, stood ready for the countess, and a third was given to the student. The captain lifted the goldsmith into the saddle, and fastening him firmly on, mounted his horse. He took his own place at Felix's fright hand, and on his left rode another of the band. The student and the courier were guarded in the same way. The rest of the band having mounted, the leader gave the signal for departure, and the whole gang soon disappeared in the forest.

(To be Continued.)

OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

Over and over again
My duties wait for me;
They ever come in monotonous round—
Breakfast and dinner and tea,
Smoothing the snow-white clothes
Sweeping and dusting with care;
There is ever some task in my little home,
To brighten it everywhere.
What may I claim for my duties' fee?
All these endless rounds of tasks to be
Over and over again.

Over and over again
The sun sinks low in the west,
And always over and over again
The birds come back to the nest;
The robin sings to his loving mate,
Close, close to my cottage door,
The same glad song I have heard him sing
For many a day before.
What does the robin say to me?
If the heart is tuned to love's glad key,
No task can be dull monotonous,
Though over and over again.

GROWING OLD.

Softly, O softly, the years have swept by thee,
Touching thee gently, with tenderest care;
Sorrow and death have they often brought nigh thee,
Yet have they left thee but beauty to wear;
Growing old gracefully,
Gracefully fair.

Far from the storms that are lashing the ocean,
Nearer each day to the pleasant home-light;
Far from the ways that are big with commotion,
Under full sail and the harbor in sight;
Growing old cheerfully,
Cheerful and bright.

Past all the winds that were adverse and chilling,
Past all the islands that lured thee to rest;
Past all the currents that lured thee unwilling
Far from thy course to the Land of the Blest.
Growing old peacefully,
Peaceful and blest.

Never a feeling of envy and sorrow,
When the bright faces of children are seen;
Never a year from the young would'st thou borrow—
Thou dost remember what lieth between;
Growing old willingly,
Thankful, serene.

Rich in experience that angels might covet,
Rich in a faith that has grown with thy years;
Rich in a love that grew from and above it,
Soothing thy sorrows and hushing thy tears;
Growing old wealthy,
Loving and dear.

Hearts at the sound of thy coming are lightened
Ready and willing thy hand to relieve,
Many a face at thy kind word has brightened—
"It is more blessed to give than receive."
Growing old happily,
Ceasing to grieve.

Eyes that grow dim to the earth and its glory
Have a sweet recompense youth cannot know;
Ears that grow dull to the world and its story
Drink in the songs that from Paradise flow;
Growing old graciously,
Purer than snow.

TRUE WORTH.

True worth is in being, not seeming;
In doing each day that goes by
Some little good—not in the dreaming
Of great things to do by-and-bye.
For whatever men say in blindness,
And spite of the fancies of youth,
There's nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.

We cannot make bargains for blisses;
Nor catch them, like fishes, in nets;
And sometimes the things our life misses
Help more than the things which we get.
For good lieth not in pursuing
Nor gaining of great nor of small;
But just in the doing, and doing
As we would be done by, is all.

Thro' envy, thro' malice, thro' hating,
Against the world early and late,
No jot of our courage abating—
Our part is to work and to wait;
And slight is the sting of trouble
Whose winnings are less than his worth;
For he who is honest is noble
Whatever his fortune or birth.

—Windsor Salt, purest and best,

LADY MARJORY ST. JUST.

CHAPTER I.

I was the only child of Lord St. Just, an impoverished nobleman, whose income barely sufficed to keep up an appearance suitable to his rank. I saw scarcely any change in my father's aspect from the time when I can first remember him; his scattered hairs were gray, and his tall attenuated form was bent; but there were no strong indications of decay, which nevertheless gradually went on, and in the same ratio as the young sapling shot upwards the parent trunk had been bared of all its other glories, and was ready for the woodman's axe.

I was an infant, they told me, when my mother 'went to Heaven'; the sole survivor of a numerous family, all of whom had died in childhood before I was born—born, alas! not to bless and solace that gentle mother, whose loving eyes closed forever almost as soon as she heard my first faint cry. While, from repeated bereavements, my father tremblingly clasped me to his bosom, dreading to place his hopes on the delicate baby, yet, in spite of his fears, he felt for me a redoubled tenderness as the last precious bequest of an adored wife.

I was brought up under the care and management of Fibsey, the faithful nurse who had tended and mourned over all the departed little St. Justs; and when I attained the age of eight years a governess was provided, who roused much jealousy in old Fibsey's kind foolish heart by speedily winning a large portion of those affections which I had hitherto divided among my father, herself, and the sweets of nature at Edenside.

Mrs. Edmondstone was a widow lady, pale, mild, and middle-aged, with an only son, who was completing a college education, and intended for the service of the church. Basil Edmondstone sometimes came to see his mother, but he was not a favorite of mine: he was a serious youth, and did not fondle and coax me, as my Uncle Mertoun did, nor would he call me 'Countess May'; and yet he had gentle, pleasant ways, too, with a child.

The Earl of Mertoun was my mother's brother, and I had ever been taught to consider myself his heiress: he was a bachelor, well advanced in years, and there seemed every probability that I must eventually succeed to the earldom, which is one of the few in England that are exempted from the Salic law. He always designated me his "pretty

Countess May," and I well understood that it was a title of distinction, and to be coveted, and I was proud and vain as a peacock. My father's estates were strictly entailed on male issue, and in default of such, descended to a distant branch.

Very rarely Uncle Mertoun visited Edenside, but when he did, it was a gala-day with me; and I watched, in a state of the utmost excitement, the approach of his equipage as the four splendid bays slackened pace up the slopes and defiles. And well I might, for he never came empty-handed, showering beautiful and expensive gifts upon me, to say nothing of the welcome music he whispered in my ears, ringing



the changes in every variety on the theme of my future glories!

My father lived much in his library, and I was but seldom with him: sorrow and disappointment had rendered him unsociable and nervous, and whenever he took me in his arms the tears coursed down his furrowed cheeks. Yet never a day passed without a bestowal of the fervent benediction—"God bless and keep thee, my darling!"

Mrs. Edmondstone, my governess, erred on the side of over-indulgence: she was one of those worthy matrons who look leniently on the vanities and follies of the young—saying "that troubles come soon enough, and 'twere pity to break the spirit which must bend of its own accord by and by." And had it been otherwise Fibsey would have turned

restive. I was the lamb saved out of a fine flock, and I must be left free to roam amid the green pastures and still waters, gathering health and vigor from every breeze that blew.

Beautiful Edenside! and quaint, beautiful old Fibsey! Surely never child or lamb had such lovely pastures to disport in, or listened to such marvellous antique songs and fables as delighted my childish ear! Then it was so charming to retail them to Uncle Mertoun, for he was in all respects like an overgrown schoolboy, and an attentive listener to the saucy prattle of "Countess May."

My ancestral home was neither a castle nor an abbey, but there was a dry moat on whose sloping emerald sides clustering flowers shed perfume and radiance; while at one end of the vaulted entrance-hall, an oriel window of elaborate tracery and brilliantly-stained glass threw a dim mysterious light on the tessellated pavement, suggesting a conjecture of ecclesiastical origin.

The dwelling stood on a hillside, and we commanded a fine range of diversified scenery from the windows of our sunny parlor—half nursery, half school-room, and at length half boudoir; for at Edenside there were no appointments of modern luxury—faded hangings and antique furniture alone were to be found throughout the bare and deserted apartments.

Yet the spot well deserved its name of Edenside, for dark waving woods, shining waters, hill and valley, frowning granite crags, and patches of the loveliest greensward, met the eye everywhere, in apparently wild confusion, but confusion of a picturesque and enchanting description.

"When I am a great lady, Fibsey," said I, confidentially, "I shall wish for one thing above all others—and that is for continual sunshine."

"And where would the verdure and flowers be, my dear," suggested Mrs. Edmondstone, "if you banish clouds and rain."

"Ah, I never thought of that; but I do so love sunshine!"

"There is a sunshine within, Lady Marjory," responded my governess, "which money cannot purchase; and as you grow older and wiser, I hope you will understand and realise the fact."

I pondered over these words, and talked much to Fibsey about "sunshine within;" and when Uncle Mertoun came to Edenside I mentioned the matter to him: he laughed and said "that Mrs. Edmondstone was a very worthy woman, but that in a few years hence

the dazzling scenes of life would cause me to forget her prosy talk." I pondered over these words also, and came to the sage conclusion, that in those unknown regions beyond the tall tree-tops were the dazzling scenes alluded to, far more to be desired for the future than the flowers, and birds and solitude of Edenside.

From that time forth, by slow and imperceptible degrees, my thoughts all centred in anticipation of shadowy glories to come. I did not think of my uncle's death without weeping, for he had ministered to my childish vanities and pleasures as no one else had done,



and I loved him dearly; but more than once I asked Fibsey how long he was likely to live, because I could not wear the diamond coronet which Earl Mertoun said was laid up for me until he was gone to Heaven, where all my little brothers and sisters and my dear mamma awaited him.

Basil Edmondstone overhearing such a query, called me to his side, and bade me remember that I might be summoned from this world even before my uncle; with impressive seriousness he added somewhat about an immortal crown alone worth coveting. This made me very low-spirited, and Basil's dark eyes seemed to haunt me with a look of reproach whenever I was proud or vain; I knew that he was good and gifted, for I had heard Uncle Mertoun

say so, therefore I could not disregard his words. But Fibsey was angry, and declared "she would not have Lady Marjory frightened and moped: such gloomy talk was enough to kill a child; and parsons ought to keep their preachments to their pulpits."

Mrs. Edmondstone was no match for Fibsey, and to Fibsey I always resorted for consolation and sympathy—the burthen of her song ever being, "Never mind, dearie; never mind; you'll be Countess May yet, and wear your diamond coronet, and make sunshine round wherever you go, spite of all the governesses and parsons in the world."

Thus it was, that without being exactly discontented, I learned to regard the future with hope, as holding forth prospects of happiness, which, however, assumed no tangible form, but seemed to embody everything that was pleasant and delightful. I knew what poverty meant, comparatively, of course; for Lord St. Just had acquired the bitter lesson, and had not been able to conceal it entirely from his daughter. But it never occurred to me that my Uncle Mertoun, who was so free and generous, might have extended a helping hand towards my father; perhaps Lord St. Just would not have accepted it, preferring self-denial and independence. At any rate I had not then discerned the truth, and I did not think my uncle selfish and silly. My father was a reserved, silent man; his voice was low and sad; and his gait slow; and when we used to saunter down the hill towards the valley and the streams, it was with difficulty he could ascend it again. My heart often sank as I gazed on his bent form, and at those times I wished for Basil Edmondstone to discourse concerning the better land, a topic which my father loved to dwell upon; but Basil had gone abroad as tutor to young Lord Morley; and our retirement was unbroken, for Uncle Mertoun's visits became less frequent than formerly, and at length ceased altogether.

CHAPTER II.

I had attained my eighteenth year when Mrs. Edmondstone left us to reside with her son, who had been presented to the living of Barley Wood by his pupil Lord Morley; and to my great joy it was only distant about ten miles from Edenside. Basil had resided with us for some weeks at my father's urgent request, for his grief nearly equalled mine at the idea of parting with Mrs. Edmondstone; and he desired to retain her beneath our roof as long as possible, until every arrangement was com-

pleted, and no further excuse for delay presented itself.

Lord Morley's mother, a lady of well-known philanthropy, wrote to my father, recommending, as the successor of Mrs. Edmondstone, a young lady, who had filled the situation of companion to her daughter, in consequence of whose marriage, which had just taken place, the candidate, Mrs. Danton, was desirous of finding another congenial home. Lady Morley spoke of her in the highest terms, assuring my father that she considered Mrs. Danton a desirable addition to the family circle in all respects; and that her age would probably render her a pleasanter companion for me than even the worthy sedate Mrs. Edmondstone. Mrs. Danton was of Spanish origin, but the widow of an English officer; "her Hidalgo blood,"



added Lady Morley, "only infusing into her the proper and laudable pride of wishing to be independent of her father's family."

My father entertained a profound respect for Lady Morley's opinion, and he was accordingly strongly prepossessed in favor of Mrs. Danton, and eager to secure her services. When Basil Edmondstone heard this arrangement canvassed—and Lord St. Just gave him Lady Morley's letter to read—he appeared strangely confused and startled; his manner, coupled with words he let fall, causing my father to ask him if he was acquainted with Mrs. Danton, and what opinion he had formed of her.

Basil Edmondstone's manner was at all times so perfectly self-possessed, and yet courteous and gentle, that when he exhibited this unwonted perturbation we naturally became curious in proportion to ascertain the cause. But he seemed to find speech difficult, and hesitatingly said, "I scarcely know how to answer you candidly, Lord St. Just; for it is a grave thing to withhold or give an opinion of one about to become domesticated in your family, and the intimate companion of Lady Marjory."

"It is for that reason, Mr. Edmondstone," replied my father, "that I desire to know the result of any observations you may have made on Mrs. Danton's disposition, character, and demeanor in general. On Lady Morley's judgment I have implicit reliance so far as it goes; but I am aware that her ladyship's public avocations and charities prevent her attending so much to her private duties as perhaps might be desirable—while her daughter, lately married, was one of the gayest beauties who figured in the fashionable world. That, of course, is not against Mrs. Danton, as no doubt she used all her influence for good."

"I only saw Mrs. Danton," replied Basil Edmondstone, "in the retirement of Lady Morley's country seat; and I certainly am surprised, from what I saw of her at that time, that she should voluntarily seek permanent seclusion; but perhaps she is not aware that her routine life at Edenside would be one of privacy and simplicity?" Basil added with a hopeful look.

"Yes; Mrs. Danton is fully aware of all particulars," replied my father; "but do you infer that such a mode of life might be distasteful to her—and for what reason?"

"My judgment would have led me to form this supposition," answered Basil; "but my reasons for doing so are more difficult to define. A very delicate pencil is required to paint a fair lady's faults, if faults there be——" Again he hesitated, colored, and became painfully confused. "But may I be understood to depict a certain degree of restlessness—a need of the stimulus of excitement, which I thought characterised Mrs. Danton, and led me to conclude that solitude might prove irksome. She is a highly accomplished lady, and I have no doubt, an agreeable companion."

"But Basil, my dear," broke in Mrs. Edmondstone, "is she amiable and affectionate? You have not told us that?"

"I had no opportunity of judging mother," replied the son, as he added

with a smile, "these are close questions, and hardly fair, I think, to discuss."

And so the subject dropped, my dear father evidently pondering on what had passed, but coming to a pleasant conclusion in the end; for, said he to me, "Mrs. Danton is very anxious to come; and as she knows our mode of life, Marjory, my child—for Lady Morley has concealed nothing from her—we must naturally infer that, even if the opinion our good Basil formed of the lady was a correct one formerly, she has now changed her tastes, and become reconciled to a quiet life—such as is held out for her acceptance at Edenside."

But when, eventually, my father told Basil that everything was settled, and that Mrs. Danton was to be an inmate of our dear home, I could see a shadow of uneasiness pass athwart Mr. Edmondstone's speaking countenance, which betokened a mind disturbed; and this impression communicated itself to me, for I had learned unconsciously to treasure and venerate all Basil's opinions, and to look up to him as my best authority on all points.

Not that I willingly allowed him to suppose such was the case, for I strenuously endeavored to impress him with ideas of my own vast importance, and my great future expectations—vainly endeavored, because whatever airs or impertinences I indulged in, they fell back on myself with redoubled force. For there was in Basil Edmondstone a certain grave self-respect (he never forgot his sacred office), tempered, indeed, with affability, which made me feel contemptible in my own esteem when displaying these vagaries before him: he was my superior in all respects, for I knew that, in virtue of his high calling, he claimed more than an equality as to temporal rank, and that he held mere temporal wealth but as means to an end—regarding men as stewards, hereafter to give an account of their stewardship.

In short, there was no patronising Basil Edmondstone. I talked to him about my earldom in prospective, and he looked grave; I joked about hope deferred, and he gently rebuked me; I pouted, and tried to quarrel with him, but I read an undefinable something in the sad expression of his eyes—beautiful eyes they were!—which made me unable to continue my folly, and brought tears to my own, and blushes to my cheek. Then, angry with myself, that I—the future Countess of Mertoun—should stand abashed before him, I adopted an unbecoming hauteur—

equally futile and useless, for Basil was imperturbably polite, kind, and considerate.

"I wonder if Mrs. Danton is handsome?" I found myself saying over and over again. And from wondering if Mrs. Danton was handsome, and hoping that she was not, I gained imperceptibly a knowledge of my own heart; and read there, alas! a page full of love and jealousy. Yet pride was stronger; and I determined to blot it out, and to remember how far apart Basil Edmondstone and I were in worldly condition. He never forgot it; of that fact I felt well assured, so far as worldly observances went.

There was an indescribable blank at Edenside when Mrs. Edmondstone and her son had departed. There was sunshine without—the child's wishes were realised; but round the woman's path shadowy clouds were gathering, which already faintly obscured the sunshine within.

CHAPTER III.

Could it be possible that the presence of one individual had wrought such a change in the aspect of all things? or was it that I viewed them through a different medium, while the circumstances themselves remained unchanged?

Mrs. Danton was singularly beautiful; and yet I felt no jealousy now, for she spoke carelessly of Basil Edmondstone, called him a poor parson, and when I extolled him, and took his part with heightened color and flashing eyes, she smiled, and said that I was "a true champion for the absent."

I could not feel angry with her, for she captivated and enthralled me. Her extreme sweetness and gentleness of voice and manner, varied accomplishments, and constant flow of spirits, might have accounted for this captivation on my part, for I had never seen anyone like her before. But it was not even these attractions which enchained me so completely; it was, that Mrs. Danton identified herself with my hopes and wishes, and that, in an incredibly short space of time, I had entrusted her with all my secret and cherished aspirations: one subject alone excepted, but that I scarcely whispered to myself. Yet what secret escaped her scrutiny?—though she appeared to exercise no penetration, indulge no curiosity, her peculiar softness of demeanor, bordering on indolence, being redeemed only by a dash of wild playfulness, tender and winning as the pretty ways of some brilliantly-plumaged, delicate pet-bird!

Perfectly happy and contented with her lot as she apparently was; describing the scenes in which she had mingled with graphic force, and picturing the gay world in such exciting and fairy-like colors, that I wondered she was resigned to quit it. She told me that I was formed to enjoy these delights, and to reign a star of the first magnitude, hinting that it was sad to see my youth buried in solitude; by slow and imperceptible degrees leading me to speak of my uncle's death as the only prospect of ultimate release.

I moved about in a sort of whirl or trance. In sleep I heard songs of joyous music, and beheld lighted festal halls, wherein crowds of noble cavaliers worshipped at my shrine: I began to entertain an extravagant opinion of my own beauty and talents, and to think that Mrs. Edmondstone and her son had underrated them. I grew weary of Edenside, and longed to fly away with Mrs. Danton to realise my blissful dreams! Had any one asked me how all this was brought about, and if Mrs. Danton had done it, I could not have given a satisfactory elucidation; for she was always cheerful herself, never complained of ennui, but sang and talked, and made the days pass swiftly. As to my father, he was perfectly charmed with our new inmate, and, contrary to his usual habit, he more than once remained in my apartment to listen to Mrs. Danton's music; while even old Fibsey, now querulous and infirm, especially patronised Mrs. Danton, that lady having listened respectfully to some of her most marvellous tales, and also adopted a specific remedy for cold, which no persuasions of nurse had ever induced Mrs. Edmondstone to try.

"Mrs. Danton is a sensible woman," quoth Fibsey, "though she be a foreigner like; and it does one's bones good to hear her merry laugh, for all the world like the tinkle-tinkle of the wether-bell from the distant sheelling coming across flowers and meadows, and making one think of all sorts of happy things. She's a bonny leddy; bless her lovely eyes, that melt like moonbeams on the dark sleeping waters!"

So it was: Mrs. Danton gained the affections and good-will of all, whilst I absolutely clung to her, and much marvelled how I had contrived to drag on my monotonous existence when I had not her to talk to and confide in. Our constant theme of conversation was my uncle—his absence, and reported ill health. There was no one to check or rebuke me now; no grave looks; but Mrs. Mertoun spoke of Earl Mertoun's

decease as an event to be almost "hoped for;" adding, "What a comfort it would be to Lord St. Just to witness his daughter's elevation prior to his own summons home!" Viewing it in this light, it seemed no longer sinful or unfeeling to indulge anticipations of a brilliant future career; while the total cessation of his visits threw a film of distance between my once kind uncle and me, and I came gradually to regard him as a stranger or a memory. The past was forgotten; the present unheeded; "and youth, health, rank, wealth, and beauty, all united in the person of "Countess May," summed up my friend, mimicking Fibsey's voice and manner. For Mrs. Danton inherited



that dangerous gift—she was an admirable mimic; even the worthy Mrs. Edmondstone did not escape her; and I was weak and wicked enough to laugh at many such unkind exhibitions of miscalled talent.

I had watched the meeting which took place between Basil Edmondstone and Mrs. Danton, soon after the arrival of the latter, with considerable interest. She accompanied me to Barley Wood; but I knew not how it was, Mrs. Danton seemed out of her element there. The church and parsonage were both antiquated buildings; there was a homeliness, a substantial sort of comfort and sense of repose, pervading the place; a peace and holiness, if I may use the term, with which our worldly discussions and gay laughter had nothing to

do. When there a dim, lurking sensation of regret that Mrs. Danton was my chosen intimate, always arose in my heart. I remembered her mockery of dear simple Mrs. Edmondstone, and I was stricken with shame that I had encouraged it, and wept as my early preceptress clasped me in her arms, fondly calling me her darling child.

Mrs. Danton seemed quite at ease, laughing, talking, and admiring everything; Basil was more reserved and silent than usual, though I detected a slight embarrassment when he first addressed my companion—a slight mounting of color in his cheeks, and a singular expression in his eloquent eye—such an expression that I had never encountered, thank Heaven! although I tried in vain to interpret it; but he quickly regained self-command, and assumed the courtesy of a host.

My father wished Mrs. Edmondstone and her son to come to Edenside; but he excused himself on the plea of manifold pressing duties and occupations, though he added earnestly, "When I can be of any essential use or comfort to Lord St. Just, you know where to find me, Lady Marjory." The words were conventional, but the manner in which they were spoken penetrated my heart; and as we rode back through the cornfields and smiling pastoral lands, it seemed as if I had left peace of mind behind me. And yet our own fair Edenside was my childhood's home, and beautiful as ever. Alas! clouds were obscuring the "sunshine within!"

I was now in a kind of feverish excitement: vexed and dissatisfied that Mrs. Danton had gained such an ascendancy over me, which I could by no means shake off, though she was but six years my senior. It was I who was restless and dissatisfied, to whom excitement seemed necessary, not Mrs. Danton. Surely Basil's opinion of her had been unjust, and was not my impatience of her influence unjust likewise?

"There is a mystery which I must fathom," thought I. "What has Mrs. Danton done to offend Basil? for despite her beauty and fascination he neither likes nor admires her, of that I am certain. I am not so sure, however, of her feelings towards him, notwithstanding her assumed indifference." Assumed!—for excellent as her acting was, she had not altogether deceived me; my woman's heart was on the alert—for, alas! inexperienced, silly girl as I was, I had already learned something of that mystic lore which is made up of trifles light as air.

I had observed Mrs. Danton quail

beneath Basil Edmondstone's open, truthful glance; I had also observed a momentary flash as she raised the drooping lids of her languishing eyes, which absolutely scared me. It was a lightning flash, terrific in its passionate coruscation; but the silken fringes fell instantaneously, and veiled the storm-burst. Yes, it was but for a second; but that second had revealed Mrs. Danton as a Medea in her reproaches and agony. What a contrast to the gentle, playful, winning creature whom I had learned to love and fondle! I questioned her closely; but she evaded all my queries, assuring me that I was fanciful, and that she was not a favorite of Mr. Edmondstone's, that was all.

"But is he not a favorite of yours?" I persisted, remarking the warm color which suffused her clear olive complexion as she vainly strove to hide her face.

"Ah!" she replied with a forced laugh, "he is a very worthy creature, too handsome and engaging for a mere country parson. But Lady Marjory St. Just, allow me to question you in my turn—is not Mr. Edmondstone an especial favorite of yours?"

Vehemently assuring her that I had known him from his boyhood since I was an infant—that I regarded Mrs. Edmondstone in the light of a mother, and Basil as a brother—covered with blushes, stammering, and protesting—I became inextricably involved in a labyrinth of falsehood, or, mildly speaking, equivocation. I was effectually silenced, however, nor ventured again to attack Mrs. Danton on the delicate topic, while she regarded me with evident amusement, saying, "You are as agitated, Lady Marjory, as if I had accused you of loving Mr. Edmondstone: nothing so preposterous entered my imagination, I assure you, as that the beautiful, high-born Countess of Mertoun should bestow her affections so unworthily."

"I am not Countess of Mertoun yet, Mrs. Danton," whispered I, in a faltering voice.

"But you soon will be!"

Prophetic words! Shortly after this conversation, we had returned one day from an expedition to Barley Wood—where we often paid a flying visit, Mrs. Danton taking the reins of our pony phaeton—being a skilled charioteer—to find the household at Edenside in a state of confusion and excitement—a summons having arrived express from Fonthill Abbey, my uncle's magnificent seat, requiring my father's immediate presence, as Earl of Mertoun was not expected to live for many hours.

How my heart throbbed as I witnessed the departure of Lord St. Just! my tears flowed when I thought of my dying uncle, boyishly good-natured and caressing as he had ever shown himself towards me. They were, however, but April tears, quickly succeeded by sunshine, as one variable mood chased another.

Two days subsequent to my father's departure, an official notification made me acquainted with my uncle's death; and I heard Mrs. Danton's sweetly-whispered congratulation—"Long may the beautiful Countess of Mertoun live to enjoy her dignity!"



My father did not write to me, and I became surprised and uneasy at his silence, for I knew that he would remain at Fonthill until after the funeral obsequies were performed. Days passed over; the silence was ominous, and a strange creeping presentiment of evil took possession of my soul: even Mrs. Danton was not exempt from the influence of a foreboding which too soon was fully realised.

Lord St. Just returned to Edenside—not alone, and not to greet me, as Mrs. Danton had done, but accompanied by a little boy three years old, whom he introduced to my notice as the Earl of Mertoun—my deceased uncle's legitimate son by a private marriage with a girl of humble origin, who had died shortly after the child's birth. Shame

had prevented my uncle's betrayal of the secret, and some contrition for having disappointed me; but on the deathbed things wore a different aspect, and he acknowledged his son's rights, confiding him to the sole guardianship of Lord St. Just and the tender mercies of Cousin Marjory!

I can write these particulars now—and it might have seemed as if I was calm and reconciled then. I was, in fact, stunned by the heavy blow at first—the shock overwhelmed me—an evil genius was by my side, and no oil was poured on my rankling wounds. Rage and blackness usurped the place of woman's better nature, and the bitterest hate towards the unoffending child, who had not an adherent at Edenside save my noble-hearted father. Fibsey, contrary to her nurse-like propensities, refused to have aught to do with the interloper; the other ancient retainers muttering among themselves "that it was too bad for their young lady!" Mrs. Danton shared my sorrows; but to my surprise and chagrin her behaviour took a different turn shortly, and she bestowed many endearments and caresses on the infant earl, who on his part, poor little thing! turned from the serious old faces surrounding him to the lovely, beaming countenance which looked kindly on his forlorn state. I taxed Mrs. Danton with hypocrisy, and with clinging to the strong: her answer was remarkable: "If I am a hypocrite, Lady Marjory, it is for you, and to do you service."

What could she mean? Was her love for the child assumed, and for what purpose? My father was grateful and pleased when he watched little Cecil's fondness for Mrs. Danton, and her attention to his ward; for though, God knows, I endeavored to school my heart, it was awfully rebellious; nor could I feel or assume a tenderness that had no place there. Cecil was a fair, delicate child, and had evidently been much humored, and frequently was fractious and naughty. I loathed his screams and cries, and his presence unnerved me; while Fibsey declared he was a changling of the fairy-folk, and never would come to any good, though he was Earl of Mertoun!

Mrs. Danton disliked children, which made her mode of procedure more extraordinary; and she speedily lost favor with Fibsey, who detested double-faces, and folks who left other folks when their golden days were flown! Yet I felt in my heart's core that Fibsey was unjust to Mrs. Danton; and that if she was playing a part, it was in some

unaccountable manner to do me, as she had said "service."

If my heart ever misgave me, it was when Basil Edmondstone came to Edenside, and I saw that he noted with pleased surprise Mrs. Danton's motherly demeanor towards the young earl: it was but for a little while these misgivings arose—for never heretofore had Basil been so kind and tender towards me—so deferential and observant; while I read a language in his eye which made me almost ready to embrace my cousin with affection, and exclaim, "this loss is my gain!"

Mrs. Danton had read that language, too; she knew that, as the poor Lady Marjory's Just, daughter of a ruined man, Basil Edmondstone might aspire to my hand, for he was well born—his ancestors of nobility equal to my own. But as the heiress of princely wealth, the gulf was impassable: Basil never would overstep it, even were a helping or beckoning hand extended. Again I observed the fiercely flashing eye and compressed lips; but she bent over the child, and toyed with his flaxen ringlets, while I for the first time embraced my little cousin.

Short-lived amity! The siren's voice was at my ear—she exerted all her powers of fascination to wean me from my dreams of love and peace—and, alas! succeeded. Were my days to be passed in this dull, monotonous routine for ever?—beauty such as mine blooming in a desert!—poverty closing around me—and a life of comparative penury in store! Oh, it was cruelly unjust, and I had a right to be angry and discontented! I listened and believed; and Mrs. Danton wept with me, murmuring, as she placed her hand on my aching brow—"Life is always uncertain—the child Cecil is delicate—there is still hope." I looked up in her face; the twilight shadows were gathering at Edenside, but a darker shadow than of twilight rested there. What did it portend? I knew not, yet shudderingly turned away.

"I am sure that Master Mertoun looks well enough," said Fibsey (she would never give the child his rightful title); and yet Madam Danton makes more fuss about the brat, and his precious health forsooth, than we did about all those little suffering angels as are gone to Heaven along with your dear ma—I declare it provokes me to see her a-codling and a-pampering the sour-tempered babe, and a-telling my lord that he is a delicate plant; but I don't believe it: no—not I."

This was fact, however; and Mrs. Danton persisted in assuring my father

and every one else that little Cecil was a sickly child, and required the utmost care and tending. My father took it all for granted, and merely said, "Do not spoil him overmuch, my dear Mrs. Danton: I fear your kind motherly heart may get the better of your wise head, you seem so fond of my interesting charge."

He added more impressively, placing his hand on her arm, to arrest attention—"I need not remind you of the peculiar and delicate position in which I am placed as guardian to this boy: my honor is concerned in his wellbeing. Man could give no higher proof of confidence in another's integrity than my deceased brother-in-law did, by committing his son to the sole care of one whose own hopes are completely frustrated by that son's existence—an existence rendered doubly precious to me in consequence."

Meekly, and with downcast eyes, Mrs. Danton listened to Lord St. Just, assuring him in return that she fully entered into and comprehended his feelings, and that she was devoted to his interests and to Lady Marjory's.

"I do not think the Earl of Mertoun will live to be reared," whispered Mrs. Danton to me in a careless way, as we sat at our embroidery: "I have hinted as much to your papa. Of course we are all very anxious for the child's welfare." I looked up from my work and met her eyes. What did I see there to rivet my gaze?—an enquiring mysterious expression, which seemed to say, "Do you understand me?" But I did not understand her, and simply replied, "Yes, indeed we are, for it would be very sad for papa if anything went wrong with Cecil."

"Very sad for Lord St. Just if anything went wrong with Cecil," she repeated slowly and musingly. "Yes, yes, certainly it would; but not if the boy died a natural death, or even by a natural accident." Her voice sounded so hollow and unnatural as she said this, that amazed, I exclaimed, "By accident, Mrs. Danton! Heaven forbid that such a dire misfortune should befall us! Why do you frighten me so?"

"I have no intention to frighten you, Lady Marjory," she answered quietly; "I merely spoke a passing thought—spoke of a possibility, not of a probability: accidents do sometimes happen, you know," she continued; looking at me with a smile so full of dark meaning, that scared and bewildered, the work fell from my hands as I tremblingly cried, "Why do you speak in this manner, Mrs. Danton? Have you

any forebodings or apprehensions for the child's safety?"

"Ah, you know I am not superstitious though I humor old Fibsey's nonsense, and as to apprehensions, life is uncertain to us all. Sickness or accident may remove this impediment from your path, and you still may inherit your rights, Lady Marjory—for rights I must ever consider them, though so cruelly set aside."

She said this in her softest, blandest manner, keeping her eyes fastened on the embroidery before her; while I—almost alarmed at the ideas she had put into my head, and shrinking from them as they would return again and again—endeavored to speak carelessly, but my voice faltered—"I think we ought not to contemplate the possibility of this child's removal, my dear friend: it seems dishonorable and cruel-minded to do so."

She shrugged her shoulders, saying, "You have been dishonorably and cruelly dealt by, Lady Marjory; nor can you help contemplating the possibility of that which I allude to, despite your efforts to the contrary."

Her words rang in my ears when I was alone—"despite my efforts to the contrary," creating painful disturbance in my mind. My hopes of worldly distinction and power, my ambitious schemes and vain projects, had all been dashed aside and annihilated; and now, when the first faint whisper was heard of another hope springing up, I had not strength to close my ears to the voice of the charmer, but permitted my thoughts to wander on the verge of that boundary-line which conscience—that sure monitor!—proclaimed with its "still small voice," might not be passed without iniquity. These thoughts suggested—"The child may die; but I am sure I hope not." Yes, I added the latter sentence; but the human heart is deceitful and desperately wicked above all created things, and did I deceive myself when I believed that I actually felt that hope?

Mrs. Danton by degrees drew me on to discuss these waking dreams, until I became inured to them; they were but dreams, she said; and there was no harm in building castles in the air, which could not injure a mortal creature. So we gradually and imperceptibly fell into a strain of conversation which appeared quite natural and proper, as we hinted no wishes, but canvassed what "might be;" yet "pretty Countess May" fell on my ear with a harsh, grating sound, as in playful mood Mrs. Danton once more

mimicked poor old Fibsey's almost forgotten pet epithet.

Of late, Mrs. Danton had carried on a constant correspondence with her relatives in Spain, informing us that she expected her brothers, Don Guzman and Don Felix d'Aguilar, to visit the English shores immediately: they were cruising in a pleasure yacht; and intended to touch at a place on the coast which was distant from Edenside about fifty miles across the country.

"They are persuading me to join them there," said Mrs. Danton, "for it is some years since we met; and if Lord St. Just, and you, Lady Marjory, can dispense with my stupid society for a week or two, I shall crave permission to go? I dote on the water, and it is just the season for enjoying those charming excursions which my brothers promise me."

Of course we said all that was kind on the occasion, my dear father adding many gallant speeches, and remarking that he did not know what would become of little Cecil during "Mamma Danton's" absence.

"By the by," said Mrs. Danton, as if struck by a sudden thought, "it would do the darling a great deal of good to have some bracing sea dips; and if you will entrust him to me, Lord St. Just, I shall be proud and happy to take the dear boy with me."

"But your brothers, my dear madam," replied my father in a hesitating manner, yet looking pleased at the proposal; "they may not like the presence of a spoiled child?"

"Oh, they will do whatever I bid them," answered Mrs. Danton, laughingly; "so we must consider it settled; and the earl accompanies me, together with his nurse." The nurse was a sturdy peasant girl.

"May we not hope to see your brothers at Edenside, Mrs. Danton?" said my father: "we can promise them a cordial welcome, though I fear we are unprepared to do honor to noble guests, so far as exteriors are concerned." Mrs. Danton gracefully accepted the courtesy: there was a proud humility and sadness about Lord St. Just whenever he alluded to his poverty. Then—— I always hated my uncle's memory and my uncle's son, and Mrs. Danton read my inmost soul, and knew I did.

"Lady Marjory," she whispered, "be comforted—the child is going with me."

Good Heavens! my blood curdled at her voice and manner. Was I mad? What did she mean to insinuate? Dared I ask her? No! I could not bring my tongue to frame a sentence. I must be

a very wretch myself to suspect another of evil designs, and that other the gentle Mrs. Danton! "Away with these detestable suspicions," I cried, "or I shall go mad in reality: yet how her eyes haunt me—they imply more than tongue can express!" Fever was in my blood, I was miserable. I longed to fly to Barley Wood, and confide my feelings to Mrs. Edmondstone and Basil. But what had I to confide? Mrs. Danton, they knew, was anxious about the child's health for my father's sake, and she kindly proposed taking him with her to R—— for change of air and sea-bathing; they had not seen her looks or heard her voice, and how dared I hint my foul suspicions? I loathed myself, and began to doubt my sanity. On the evening previous to Mrs.



Danton's departure, which was to take place at an early hour in the morning, in order to perform the fifty miles' journey by easy stages for the child's sake, she joined me in the corridor, where I was pacing to and fro in the streaming moonlight.

"I fear you are not well, my dearest," she said caressingly, passing her arm round me; "you appear feverish and restless."

"Oh, Mrs. Danton," I exclaimed, flinging myself on a settee, and burying my face in my hands; "God knows what ails me; but I am haunted by horrid fancies which I cannot name—it is as if a demon had taken up his abode in my bosom."

"You must take a composing draught dear Lady Marjory," she replied, "and you will no doubt be quite well in the

morning." I know not what impulse caused me to kneel down beside her and crave forgiveness. "Forgiveness!—for what?" she exclaimed: "Your looks are wild, dear Lady Marjory; what have I to forgive in you?"

"Injurious thoughts. Oh ask me no more; I dare not name them; but promise—promise me to guard and watch over my uncle's son with fidelity and truth!"

It was her turn now to gaze with wild amazement on me, as with passionate emphasis she cried. "Your acting is excellent, Lady Marjory St. Just; but wherefore waste it on me? Why not reserve your strength for future emergencies, when the audience may be worthy of such display?"

So saying, she left me kneeling in the moonlight pressing my hands on my throbbing temples, stupified and tearless. What had I done or said? Had I insulted Mrs. Danton? Did she guess the thoughts that were swiftly passing through my mind, and abhor me for them? The wailing winds were sweeping round the gables, and waving the dark tree-tops like funereal plumes, seeming to my excited imagination as if innumerable wings were swiftly rushing past—good and guardian angels forsaking Edenside!

CHAPTER IV.

Nights of delirium and days of exhaustion succeeded Mrs. Danton's departure; Fibsey saw that I was ill, and plainly told me it was the sickness of the mind; urging me to confide my grief to her who had nurtured me from my birth, and received me from my dying mother's arms.

"Oh, Fibsey," I cried, "would that I dare tell you my misery—I comprehend it not myself. It seems as if some baneful unseen influence was coiled around me, and that what I would not, that I think. Fibsey, did you ever hear there was madness in our family? Perhaps I am the victim of insanity?"

Tenderly and assiduously Fibsey sought to allay my fears, assuring me that the St. Justs had always been considered a peculiarly sensible and well-conducted race; and that the shock and disappointment I had sustained on my uncle's death were quite sufficient to account for this derangement of my nervous system. Yes, that was it, doubtless. I snatched at the idea; it was my nerves that were disordered; and Mrs. Edmondstone, who came to Edenside, agreed with Fibsey, commiserating my pallid looks and wretched condition.

Racked nerves accounted for these morbid fancies and baleful visions when sleep brought no refreshment; but still—still, oh I was cunning, as mad people often are, and I knew it. I never hinted that it was the child's absence with Mrs. Danton that worked upon me now; I never told them how I yearned to clasp him to my bosom, and hold him there in safety for evermore.

In Mrs. Danton's letters she dwelt on the exhilarating enjoyment of their sea expeditions, when little Cecil, with his nurse, always accompanied them. At length she wrote that Don Guzman had sailed for Cadiz in his yacht, being suddenly summoned on urgent business.

"He left us this morning, but Felix remains here for the present; and as the day is calm, is waiting to row the earl and myself on the sunny sea, an exercise in which he delights. Unfortunately Fanny (the nurse) has a lethergic sick headache, which confines her to bed, consequently the charge of the dear boy devolves on me, and his spirits are so wildly exuberant, that he requires unceasing care and watchfulness, for if he fell overboard, I certainly should fling myself after him. Excuse this haste. I see the green speck on the waste of waters which is to bear so precious a freight. Felix is impatient: oars in hand. Adieu."

What was there in this letter to account for my paroxysms of agony? The climax had come, and I was raving! I flew to my father: I told him that I had received a letter from Mrs. Danton which made me desirous of setting off instantly to join her; and when he expressed surprise, I told him that I could not bear to be separated from Mrs. Danton, and that loneliness made me fearfully nervous. The good, guileless man said this was quite natural, that Edenside was dull for me, poor thing! And when I gave him Mrs. Danton's epistle to read (I was impelled to do so by an impulse I could not resist), he continued—"Good creature! I'm sure she would risk her own life to save the dear boy's: he is safe enough beneath her fostering wings. But it is unfortunate Fanny should be ill—such a strong blooming lass too! However, my darling girl, your wishes shall not be thwarted. I will myself accompany you as soon as you can get ready."

"I am ready at this moment, papa:" I exclaimed; "I must go at once. Do you not see that Mrs. Danton does not ask me to join her? It may not be agreeable, but I cannot help that. Let me go alone with Fibsey—I must not tear you from your quiet home, papa

dear, and I shall soon return well and strong again."

These, and many more such representations were needed ere my father gave his consent to my departure: but he was averse to quitting Edenside even for a day, and it would have proved a heavy punishment had he been compelled to sojourn at a watering-place, so that he was easily persuaded to forego the journey; and seeing my feverish restlessness increase, his permission at length was won.

Fibsey, indeed, had privately told my father that immediate change of scene and air would prove the best restorative, to say nothing of Mrs. Danton's cheerful company. How far her own anticipations of a pleasant trip had to do with this sage advice I know not. We started the next day, intending to halt but once for rest and refreshment at a small roadside inn (the hostess of which was a gossip of Fibsey's) about twenty miles from the coast. Here we alighted: yes, I remember alighting, entering a parlor, and finding myself in Mrs. Danton's arms. She looked pale and agitated, while Fanny sat cowering and weeping in a corner. They were on their way to Edenside, and had halted for the same purpose that we had. I looked hurriedly round, and my head swam. Where was the infant earl? "Where?" I screamed.

"Be calm, be pacified, Lady Marjory," said Mrs. Danton. Surely her eyes shot forth sparks of fire as I encountered their glare, her voice seeming to issue from a subterraneous cavern as she repeated, "Be calm, be pacified, Lady Marjory. Pity me, not the child, who has gone to join his kindred angels. He sleeps in twenty fathom water! Pity me: how am I to face Lord St. Just?"

Nothing more—nothing more I heard or saw. Years seemed to pass, and in those years haunting demon eyes surrounded me on every side, shrieking voices screamed in my ears words of fiendish horror, while whispers more terrible and distinct in their import sounded close—close to my face like fiery breaths passing over it! A life—a long life was to come of chaotic and impenetrable blackness. Ages rolled on. I was borne along on sluggish rivers, slimy hands pressing me down beneath the surface! When I struggled, choking, the roar of ocean surges and the screams of a child mingled with everything!

Weeks, they said, I had lain at the roadside inn unable to be moved, tended night and day by Mrs. Danton, assisted by Fibsey; and when I opened my eyes to gaze forth on the earth again, it was

with such feeble perception, body and mind being both utterly shattered and prostrated, that I was as a helpless infant in the hands of my attendants.

Even when they carried me to Edenside—and I found that my home was desolate, and that I was an orphan—not a tear flowed, not a sigh escaped, merely a dim consciousness of overwhelming affliction pressed crushingly on my heart. Afterwards I knew the catastrophe of his sudden end—it was the disastrous blow which struck my father down. He accused himself of having permitted the precious child to leave his roof; his honor was tarnished, though he never cast a shadow of blame on Mrs. Danton, who, he was told, had only been withheld by her brother from seeking a watery grave. The unfortunate boy, in unmanageable spirits, during a sudden squall, when the boat was difficult to manage, had been plunged into eternity. My father listened to the dismal tale, spoke but little, and a fit terminated his career of sorrow.

Gradually I awoke to realities at Edenside: Mrs. Danton never quitted me—to her care I owed my life; in the ravings of delirium she had smoothed my pillow, and now in the weakness of my utter prostration she watched over me as a mother watches a babe—exercising all her powers to soothe and solace, to fascinate and charm me.

I met the tender gaze of her soft eyes—and how could I have fancied they were ever fierce and passionate? Ah, it must have been a dream of fever! Her sweet voice sounded like subdued music, and yet—yet a serpent's folds seemed inextricably coiled around me; and when I impotently struggled to be free, they twined more firmly. I never questioned her. I was passive in her hands, and did whatever she bade me: she prohibited my seeing Mrs. Edmondstone until I became stronger, the medical men enjoining perfect repose. When they addressed me as Countess of Mertoun I felt an involuntary shudder convulse my frame. Mrs. Danton noticed this—assuring me that time would work miracles, and reconcile me to the change.

I had formed determinations concerning the future, which I kept fast locked within the secret recesses of my inmost heart—saying to myself, "I am too feeble yet; wait for a while, hapless Marjory!"

I went forth amid the birds and flowers again; and I gazed after the birds skimming the summer air afar off, wishing that I, too, had wings to flee away and be at rest.

As I grew stronger Mrs. Edmondstone was admitted to see me. I thought her manner cold and constrained, but all agitating topics were avoided. Mrs. Danton was always present during these visits; and I observed that Mrs. Edmondstone never looked at or addressed her, save when strict courtesy demanded it.

Another guest was now admitted at Edenside without my knowledge or permission—this was Don Felix d'Aguiar; and Mrs. Danton seemed to view it as a matter of course that her brother should be almost domesticated beneath the same roof with her. I was hers—yes—hers! She claimed me by a silent, mysterious influence—as if I had invoked a Zamiel—ever ready to envelop me in the shadowy folds of a mantle of blackness.

I had seen pictures of Spanish brigands, and I thought that Mrs. Danton's brother resembled one of these; but his manners were pleasing, though his appearance was fierce. It was by very slow degrees that his evident desire to please assumed the form of an assiduity which became offensive; nor was it possible for me to mistake the meaning of his attentions. Despite continued repulse on my part, the persecutions of Don Felix increased to such an unbearable extent, that, notwithstanding my weak state, I saw it was imperative that I summon up courage to speak explicitly to Mrs. Danton, and remonstrate with her, if necessary, on the annoyance her brother's presence caused me.

"My brother loves you, Lady Marjory," she replied in answer to my mild representations: "he woos you for his wife. Nor will you be degraded by union with a D'Aguiar, for our blood is more ancient than your own."

"But it is impossible, Mrs. Danton," I exclaimed with more spirit than I had yet had the power to evince—"it is impossible that now, or at any future time, I can listen to your brother's addresses; and let me hope that, after this explanation, I may be released from further persecution. My decision is unalterable; and you will oblige me by requesting your brother not to intrude upon me again."

I had been led to speak thus by the provoking smile of insolence which distorted Mrs. Danton's beauty: yes, absolutely distorted it. She looked a bold, designing, revengeful woman.

"This to me?" she cried in an angry, taunting voice; "this to me? Is this your gratitude? Do you dare to brave me?"

"I understand you not, Mrs. Danton,"

my voice faltered; "and I would fain hope that I am deeply grateful for your care during my long sickness, though I cannot see how even that may warrant your using such singular language."

"I have witnessed your excellent acting more than once, Lady Marjory; or I should say, with all due deference, Countess of Mertoun!" Here she curtsied ironically.

"Oh, would to Heaven," I cried, "that the hated title were not mine!"

"You are a little too late in your wishes," she continued in her former strain. "You thought rather differently previous to my going to the coast."

"Say not so, Mrs. Danton; oh say not so, if you hope for mercy hereafter, or I shall be mad again! What you hint at is too frightful for me to contemplate and live."

"And yet you did not think it too frightful for me to do, Marjory St. Just. You are young to be so consummate a hypocrite and deceiver!"

Her voice hissed in my ear, and I remembered the fiery breath that had fanned my cheeks when I lay in the roadside inn, when raging fever scorched my veins. Was delirium returning again, with the horrible visions of the past?

"Mrs. Danton"—I spoke with unnatural calmness; I staked my all on her answer—"what dark deed do you allude to that you infer I was cognisant of?"

"Oh, this is too—too much!" She laughed wildly, as with the gestures of a fury she screamed, "I infer nothing, but I affirm that you wished for the child's death, and I claim the price of his life at your hands: deny it on your peril! Consent to be the wife of Don Felix d'Aguiar, and your share in this deed—your share by abetting and consenting—shall be hushed up forever. Refuse, and I will brand you to the world—to Basil Edmondstone. Ay, you may start, for I know your heart's secret—even to my own destruction! We will perish together. Think you to pass free—think you to escape—with such a debt as this between us? Remember, ere you decide, that revenge is sweet when love has flown."

I knelt in abject misery before Mrs. Danton, though a mist and gathering darkness seemed closing around me. I knelt, imploring her to recall those dreadful words: not to save me from exposure to the world and to Basil Edmondstone, for I was ready to swear that I would never see him more, if she would but express her belief that I had

not wished the death of the innocent child by unfair means.

"Pay the price of his life," she cried vehemently, "and I will say whatever you desire, and endeavor to believe you!"

"Never! I deny the debt, and repel the charge with detestation," I exclaimed, the proud, determined spirit of my ancestors swelling and boiling in my outraged, breaking heart. But, alas! my steps tottered, the room swam round, and my weakened frame lost a sense of mortal sorrow in the oblivion of long-continued insensibility.

(To be continued.)

VALUE OF BORAX.

The qualities of borax, if generally known, would ensure it a warm reception from every well-informed progressive housewife. It should find a place in the laundry-closet, and on the toilet-stand of my lady's dainty boudoir.

In European countries, especially Holland and Belgium, the washer-women fully appreciate the virtue of borax as a cleansing agent. Their beautiful linen owes much of its brilliant whiteness to borax. They use a heaping tablespoonful to five gallons of water. As it is a neutral it will not injure the finest lace, muslin, or linen.

If handsome scarlet-bordered towels, red table-cloths or napkins, are washed in water and borax used in the above proportion, they will not fade.

To wash flannels, use one level tablespoonful of borax to each pail of cold water. Make a strong suds with good soap, then immerse the flannels or blankets, rinse them in several cold waters, each time pressing out the water. Do not wring flannels by twisting. Snap out as much more moisture as possible, then hang in the sun, or before the fire if the weather be inclement. A novel way of cleansing blankets has lately been advertised. Fasten the blankets by two corners to a line; with cord and pegs make the other two corners fast to the ground. Then turn on the hose! This unique method is said to be very efficacious in restoring blankets to their pristine softness and whiteness.

For starch, use one teaspoonful of powdered borax to each quart of boiling starch. This will increase the stiffness of shirts and collars.

If one's hair has a superabundance of oil, wash it occasionally in tepid water, using a third of a teaspoonful of borax to each quart.

If one is compelled to use city water for bathing, the addition of a little borax will have a magical effect.

A strong solution of borax is said to be useful in stopping ringworm. Borax and vaseline applied to the skin after it has been thoroughly washed with castile soap will greatly benefit one suffering with eczema.

For the teeth, use a dentifrice made of four parts of precipitated chalk, four parts of borax, two parts castile soap, one-eighth part pumice-stone, all finely powdered, mixed and flavored with wintergreen.

Borax, beloved by the housewife, is disliked by two of her enemies, cockroaches and ants, and if it be plentifully sprinkled about their haunts they will speedily depart.

FLORENCE EVA LYNN.

THE DOOR OF THE LIPS.

Say not the things ye mean not. Words are knives
That cut deep gashes in our little lives;
Gashes that reach deep down within the heart,
And all our lives leave some unhealed smart.

Say not the things ye mean not. Words will live
To mock your grief, when you, perchance, would give
Your very life to take away the pain
That you have made; alas! 'twill then be vain.

Ah! many a word that was in passion said
Has left a wound that secretly has bled,
Till love has come to be a trickling stream,
And earthly joys like some past happy dream.

Yea, all that brightens life has fled away,
Leaving but work the dreary livelong day.
Say not the thing ye mean not. There be few
Whose life within and life without are true.

Yet be ye true, yea, though ye suffer wrong,
If true, then real, and being real, strong;
And being strong, some little word ye speak
May help some struggling brother who is weak.

Say not the thing ye mean not. Sure our life
Is not for meanness, pettishness, or strife;
Souls who have destinies so great and high
Must not defame their immortality.

Say not the thing ye mean not. Every word
That wrought a pang of anguish, or that stirred
With secret sorrow any human soul,
Will bound back on thyself, like waves that roll

Themselves upon the shore, then leap again
To the deep bosoms of the watery main.
Say not the thing ye mean not. Harsh and chill
Is this cold world! why let thy words work ill?

Rather wipe eyes that weep, cheer those who mourn
And whisper comfort into hearts forlorn.
Impute not wrong, lest thou shouldst add to strife
Or mar with bitterness some noble life.

Speak not the words ye mean not. Death is nigh:
Thou knowest not but soon that one may lie
In the cold grave, whose ears so sadly heard
The harsh, unfeeling, bitter, unkind word.

—Windsor Salt, purest and best.



A gallon of lye put into a barrel of hard water will make it as soft as rain water.

Boiled starch is much improved by the addition of a little sperm oil, salt, or gum arabic dissolved.

Kerosene will soften boots or shoes that have been hardened by water, and render them as pliable as new.

Shrunken, half-worn bed blankets or comforts, past using on a bed, make good pads to put under a stair carpet.

In dampening clothes for ironing use warm water, sprinkle fine, fold smooth, roll up tight and they will iron easily.

Never allow dirty cloths to hang under the sink. To keep a sweet house the unseen places must be kept clean.

Cold viands are not so easily digested as hot ones, and that is why a plate of soup taken first at dinner, gives a fillip to digestion itself.

Tar can easily be removed from clothing by immediately rubbing it well with clean lard, and then washing out with warm water and soap.

Kerosene will make tin kettles as bright as new. Saturate a woollen rag and rub with it. It will also remove stains from varnished furniture.

Before pouring very hot water into a glass put a spoon in the vessel. The spoon prevents the cracking of the glass by absorbing much of the heat.

Coffee should be kept closed from the air and away from other substances, as it quickly imbibes flavors. Pepper or Demerara sugar will give an unpleasant taste if left near coffee.

Sinks, drains and all places that become sour or impure, should be cleansed with copperas. Ten cents worth dissolved in water will deodorize all bad smelling places.

To restore black silk, add to ox-gall sufficient boiling water to make it warm, and with a clean sponge dipped

in the liquid rub the silk well on both sides; squeeze it out thoroughly, and proceed again in like manner. Rinse in spring water, and change the water till perfectly clean; dry in the air, then dip the sponge in blue water and rub it on the wrong side; pin the silk on a table and dry it before the fire.

Few housekeepers realize how quickly eggs absorb all odors. If kept near lemons they immediately take the flavor, or if packed in sawdust they take that also. Be particular, therefore, that eggs are kept in a perfectly sweet, airy place, and no place is better for them than a dairy. If you suspect that eggs, which you have had stored, are not quite fresh, say, after five or six days, put them into a basin of cold water. If they are good they will lie on their sides flat in the water; if they are bad they will lie with either end up.

In rooms that are in constant use, and where the furniture is exposed to dust finger-marks it is a good plan to go over the woodwork of the furniture at least once a month with a cleaning and polishing mixture made from linseed and kerosene oils. If the furniture is very much soiled, first wipe it off thoroughly with a cloth wet in warm water, drying at once with another cloth. Use a flannel cloth to apply the mixture and one to polish with. If furniture coverings are soiled brush free from dust, clean with benzoline, and set in the open air until free from odor.

There seems to be a popular prejudice against washing fruit. First-class hotels put upon their tables oranges that are covered with black specks, with the precise nature of which the public is unacquainted. These specks are the shells of small insects that feed upon fruit and vegetables, and should be removed. Drop the fruit in a pan of water an hour or so before it is eaten, and let it remain for some minutes. Then with a small, rather stiff brush scrub the fruit thoroughly, and set it away in a cool place. When required for the table it will be fresh and crisp, and will have almost the appearance of being gathered in the morning while the dew is on, which is, as all epicures will admit, the most perfect condition in which fruit can be served. Apples should be thoroughly washed before they are sent to the table. It is not unusual to see either of the fruits mentioned served in such a way as to offend a delicate taste, rather than add to the pleasure of the meal.

THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

Violent Play Restricted.

Children with low vitality should be instructed not to play to the verge of exhaustion; they should be carefully watched over and violent exercise or games forbidden to them.

A Simple Cough Remedy.

A simple cough remedy is made of an ounce of flaxseed boiled in a pint of water, a little honey added, an ounce of rock candy and the juice of three lemons, the whole mixed and boiled well.

Cold Weather Food.

In cold weather carbonaceous foods, such as butter, fats, sugar, molasses, etc., can be used more safely than in warm weather, and they can be used more safely by those who exercise in the open air, than by those of confined and sedentary habits.

A Weakly Child's Diet.

A weakly child's diet should be carefully supervised. Special bread should be made for it of flour of the entire wheat kernel. Fresh milk, eggs, entire wheat bread and butter form a dietary that will usually strengthen a weak child. But no unchanging rule can be laid down, as constitutions differ.

To Use Mustard Without Blistering.

Everyone knows the great efficacy of mustard for poultices, but comparatively few know how to use mustard without blistering, and without causing any pain or inconvenience. Take a piece of flannel the size required. Saturate with sweet oil, then rub into it as much dry mustard as the oiled flannel will absorb. Lay a dry flannel on the mustard side and sew together. Such a poultice will give great relief in case of a cough if laid on the chest. It does not operate so quickly as the ordinary mustard poultice, but it can be left on so long without causing any pain or inconvenience that its effect is most beneficial.

Care of Children's Teeth.

Few parents realize the importance of looking sharply after the welfare of their children's teeth, says Dr. F. D. Ingersoll. Care of a very simple kind during childhood may save vast suffering and expense afterward.

The fond mother watches for and instantly discovers when the first little front tooth shows its sharp cutting-edge in baby's gum. She calls the young husband's attention to this delightful evidence of progress, and talks about it with all her neighbors. But after a few more teeth have made their exit her interest wanes and is lost, when, in fact, it ought to increase with each addition until the entire set, above and below, is complete.

All adult persons have two sets of teeth, first the deciduous or milk teeth, which are to be shed, and, second, the permanent set which replaces the former in adolescence. The baby teeth show themselves in pairs. Two teeth close together, above and below, in the middle of the front of the jaws, make their appearance first, and are named central incisors, because of their position and because they are chisel-shaped and have a cutting edge. Next to appear are the lateral incisors, one on each side of the central incisors in both jaws. Then come the eye teeth, directly under the eye. These, also, are incisors, and are often styled canines because they resemble the prominent "fangs" of a dog.

The two central incisors in the upper jaw are normally broader and larger than the lower ones, and when the mouth is closed the six upper incisors should project slightly over those in the under jaw, hiding their tops. This is the manner of all well-arranged permanent sets, as well as of the temporary ones. The incisors are followed after a while by double teeth, called first or small molars, one on each side of the mouth in each jaw, making eight; and later the second molars take their places behind all others, two below and two above, making ten teeth in each jaw. This is the full number of baby teeth. When, sometimes, a greater number is seen, the extra ones are adult teeth that have advanced before any of the first set were shed.

To preserve from decay these fine arches of infant teeth until they are naturally crowded out by their successors should be a matter of concern to every mother. Does she notice a black spot on a tooth, and perceive that it increases in size month after month? Then she should take the little one to a dentist for examination. If he advises filling the tooth with some cheap material, intended to prevent further decay, the expense will be small, and the preventive may prevent days and nights of severe pain.

Sometimes certain of the milk teeth decay very quickly and become loose—

so loose as to be dislodged from the gum in eating, or readily picked out by the fingers, while other teeth in the same mouth remain quite sound and firmly imbedded, resisting unduly the upward growth of the oncoming second teeth, which if let alone will then emerge distorted and in the wrong place. Such a mouth has not received proper care. The child should have been sent to a dentist for an operation as soon as the first looseness and irregularity appeared. The second teeth ought to follow in the places of the first simply lifting them out of the way, and anything otherwise is a deformity. Hence if a first tooth resists natural eruption, it may be well to pull it out and thus make suitable room for its successor. At the age of five or six years, the first of the permanent set, in the shape of two large double teeth, make their appearance directly behind the last double teeth of the first set—one on each side of both jaws. These four teeth, known as the six-year molars, usually make their way through the gum without pain, and escape the notice of unwatchful parents. Yet they are particularly worthy of attention, since it frequently happens that a cavity of decay occurs in one of these teeth within a month after it appears. If it is not attended to, by the time the child is seven or eight years old severe aching will arise and the tooth be lost. Dentists, however, are divided in opinion respecting the management of the six-year molars. Some believe that when they are badly decayed at an early age the best filling will be ineffectual, and they advise extraction at once. The majority, however, think that the "nerve"—now called pulp by dentists—may be destroyed, the cavity filled, and the tooth made comfortable and useful for a long time to come. Failures in such cases are numerous, and abscesses will frequently form at the root, finally discharging what is called a gumboil. But the experiment of filling it is usually worth trying; and at any rate, no teeth should be more carefully watched by a parent than these. While the six-year molars are doing good service for the youngsters, the temporary small molars in front of them, are getting old, infirm and perhaps rotten; and another kind of teeth is growing up under them, called bicuspid, because only two cusps or points rise above their crowns, while the larger double teeth behind them bear four or five. The bicuspid usually have but one flattish root, while all the posterior molars in the lower jaw are provided with two large, flat roots which curve downward and slightly backward.

The molars in the upper jaw have three roots which diverge a little towards their extremities, and, being more or less crooked, are in many instances extracted with great difficulty. Decay in bicuspid may be looked for at the sides, where they are in contact with their neighbors. Fragments of food are forced into the spaces between them, and, if the teeth are not kept clean, the accumulation will become putrid and make the breath offensive. Acids will be formed that will injure the enamel, and decay will result. The injury may also extend to the gums, causing inflammation, soreness and perhaps looseness of teeth. The importance of cleaning the teeth frequently and thoroughly cannot be overestimated. A thread or pick should be passed between them all every day, and the loosened substance should be removed with a brush loaded with soap and water, or with some sort of dentrifice prepared by a practicing dentist. To rub the brush merely across the face of the teeth is not sufficient. It should be given a rocking motion, so that the bristles will pass up and down into the crevices, and their inner faces should be as thoroughly scrubbed as the outer. Especial pains ought to be taken with the inside of the lower incisors and bicuspid, since there is where most tartar is deposited. Tartar (*salivary calculus*) is a limy substance similar to the incrustation on the inside of a teakettle. It becomes darker as it increases in quantity, until it is almost black, filling the spaces between the teeth, irritating and inflaming the gum, and in many instances destroying the latter and dissolving the thin edges of the sockets of the teeth down almost to the end of the root, so that the teeth become loose, painful and useless. Tartar is too hard to be removed with a brush, but can be scraped off by a dentist without pain to the patient. A vigorous use of the brush will prevent a renewal of the deposit. Parents should teach every child the necessity of cleanliness of the mouth. If a habit of brushing the teeth daily is formed while young—while the baby teeth are still in the jaws—the practice may be more easily continued after the second set are in place. The care of the teeth in childhood and youth is really of more importance than after a person has reached adult age, because the young teeth are more liable to decay, not being so firm, dense and able to resist acid as they subsequently become. Many a sufferer in a dental chair owes his pain and trouble in a large degree to the negligence of his parents when he was a child.

GYPSY VERDUCHENE'S PLOT.

Translated from the French.

CHAPTER II.

"Who are you, and whither were you going?" Such were the first questions addressed by M. Barbier to the girls, as soon as he deemed them sufficiently restored by the nourishment administered to them to be in a condition to answer.

The one who had already been spokeswoman took upon her to reply. "My sister Alice and I are two orphans without relations or friends, or any one in the world to take care of us; we live by the charity of the public. In the day we wander through the streets, and at night we sleep where we can, often under the porch of churches, or the pent-houses over the market-places; but this evening our strength was entirely exhausted, and we could go no farther than your gate; we had eaten nothing since morning."

While Sarah was speaking—we need scarcely say it was she—M. Barbier could not take his eyes off Alice, who, pale as death, with her head bent upon her breast, seemed quite overwhelmed by grief; and at every word uttered by Sarah, the big tears fell slowly down her emaciated cheek. Grief thus quiet, and yet deep, at so tender an age, had something in it that went to M. Barbier's heart. "Where do you intend to put them to sleep?" he enquired of Mathurine.

"I am sure we need not be very particular, sir," answered the house-keeper; "Any of the out-offices, the stable, or the barn."

"Is there no chamber near your own room, Mathurine, which would be a better place for them?"

"Oh, your honor, the stable will do quite well," said Susan eagerly; "my sister and I are not accustomed to sleep upon beds."

"Oh, in the chamber; if you will be so good, madame, as to allow us to sleep there," said Alice in a tone of such earnest entreaty, and with a look of such agonizing appeal to M. Barbier, that he instantly answered—

"It shall be in the chamber, my poor child."

"In the chamber, close to my own room, that I may be the first to have my throat cut!" muttered Mathurine.

"And why are you to have your throat cut?" asked Sarah.

"How do I know?—how can I tell?" said the old woman.

"If you be afraid of us, madame, said Alice, submissively, "lock the door upon us;" and she turned to Sarah a beseeching glance, which was returned by a look so threatening, that M. Barbier, who was watching the two girls, was quite surprised. "It is very singular," thought he; but as looks continued to be exchanged on both sides, still more supplicating on the part of Alice, and more threatening on that of Sarah, he determined to elicit an explanation.

"The point is easily settled," said he; "we will lock up the one that wishes to be locked up, and the other can go to the stable."

A flash of joy passed over Sarah's face, whilst Alice at the moment became still paler than before, and exclaimed, in evident consternation, "Oh, sir, for mercy's sake, do not separate us!"

The astonishment of M. Barbier was at its height. His eyes seemed fascinated, so rivetted were they upon Alice.

"How you do look at that little creature, sir!" observed Mathurine.

"It is very singular, very singular,"

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said M. Barbier musingly; "methinks that face is not strange to me, and I could almost fancy the tones of her voice were familiar."

"I know them now myself," said the housekeeper; "they are the two little beggars I saw so often at the door of the Church des Porcherons."

M. Barbier now left them, saying, "Mathurine, put them both into the chamber next to your own room, and do not let them go away in the morning till I have seen them."

Mathurine had no alternative but to obey, and taking up a light, she desired them both to follow her, and led the way through several corridors and up a long stone staircase to a small chamber, in which was a bed. As she was retiring, taking with her the light, Sarah cried, "Are you going to leave us in the dark, madame?"

"The moon is up," answered the housekeeper, "and what more do you want?"

At the moment she was passing out of the room, Alice whispered to her "Lock the door upon us." But these words had no other effect than to increase Mathurine's fears to such a degree, that she ran off as fast as she could, forgetting to take the precautionary measure suggested to her.

"So you want to ruin us all, Alice?" said Sarah, as the steps of the old housekeeper died away along the passage.

"On the contrary, I want to save you," answered Alice gently; and then added, "Is there nothing in what you have seen—a master owing his authority to love and respect, instead of fear, and so good and kind to us: is there nothing to touch your heart, and make you desire virtue, and shrink from all the terrible things we have around us every day?"

"It is certain, Alice, I would rather

spend my life here than in the Court of Miracles: but that is nothing to the purpose; I promised the captain I would open the gate and let in the band; and do it I will."

"Oh no, Sarah, you will not—you will not be so wicked; but you shall not do it!" said she vehemently; "for if you attempt to move or leave this room before to-morrow morning without me, I will alarm the house, and tell the whole dreadful plot. Sarah, my own Sarah," added she, throwing herself on her knees at the feet of her companion, while tears streamed down her cheeks—"are we not both children stolen from our parents? Let us not make ourselves unworthy to be received by them. Something tells me we shall yet discover them. There is a God in heaven, Sarah, a God both just and good, and who will reward those that seek Him and love Him: but you are not heeding me, Sarah?"

"I promised to open the gate," repeated Sarah, in precisely the same tone as before.

"But a promise to do wrong, Sarah, ought never to be kept," urged Alice.

"I only know I promised," persisted Sarah doggedly.

In utter despair at her obstinacy, Alice turned to the window and looked out of it for a few moments, while deliberating how she could prevent the threatened mischief, without criminating Sarah. The height of the casement from the ground led her to conclude that the room was in the third storey of the hotel; and she soon satisfied herself that the walls around it were so high, as to preclude all ingress but by the gate. Somewhat reassured by having ascertained this point, she now turned to survey the little room. Narrow and low, its only furniture the bed, upon which Sarah had thrown her-

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self: it had no outlet but the window and the door, which Marthurine had left open. Alice turned to Sarah to make one last appeal. "Oh, Sarah, remember the eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good. He sees all the good of the kind master of this house, and all the evil, too, we are plotting against him. Oh, if you have no gratitude for him—no pity for him, when he has pitied us—have mercy on me, have mercy on your own soul!"

Sarah, who had been just dropping asleep, now looked stupidly up in her face; and Alice, seeing that it was hopeless to think of prevailing upon her, resolved upon putting into execution a plan that for the last few moments had been floating in her brain. She seized the moment when Sarah had sullenly turned from her, and bounding out of the room, and shutting the door with some violence, double locked it. All was the work of an instant; and she was flying along the passage before Sarah had leaped from the bed. She heard her calling loudly after her, but this served but to quicken her flight. Suddenly, as she turned round a corner, she came upon Mathurine and M. Barbier.

"Now, sir, will you believe me again?" cried Mathurine; "here is one of them actually trying to make her escape;" and she seized Alice by the arm.

Thus wholly taken by surprise, the poor child knew not what answer to make. She stood silent, with drooping head and downcast eyes.

"Speak, child," said M. Barbier; "where were you going?"

And as Alice did not answer, Mathurine broke in—"And where else can you think she was going, my dear master, but to open the gate to the gang of robbers to which the dreadful little wretch

belongs, and who at this moment, I would lay any wager, are lurking about the hotel? I consent to have my hand cut off if I did not already hear three times the signal for the massacre of us all. You must only shut her up in the dungeon till we can give her up in the morning into the hands of the Provost Marshall, who, I warrant, will make short work with her."



"Why do you not speak, unhappy child? Answer me—Where were you going now?" repeated M. Barbier, whose heart resisted even the evidence of his eyesight.

"Deal with me as you please, sir," said Alice, in tones so soft, so sad, that the good man, deeply affected, exclaimed—"No! it is not possible that those tones, that sweet face, can belong to anything capable of such villainess!"

"Deal with me as you please, sir," again said Alice; then clasping her hands in agony of terror, she added, "but oh, do not let her out of the room! I have locked the door upon her."

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"This girl is a perfect mystery to me," said M. Barbier. "But tell me, child—"

"I can tell you nothing till to-morrow, sir," said Alice.

"To-morrow, indeed," interrupted Mathurine. "We are much obliged to you. By to-morrow all our throats will be cut."

"Shut me up in a dungeon, or anywhere you please, madame," answered Alice; "but let nothing induce you to open the gate to any one, under any pretence whatever, until morning, and no harm can happen."

Threats and promises alike failing to extract anything more from Alice, M. Barbier determined to confine her for the night in one of the dungeons; and then, after placing a guard at the gate of the hotel, he went to bed. But finding it impossible to sleep, he got up before day, and feeling an irresistible desire to question the little girl again, nay, to look upon her once more, he resolved to pay her a visit. The look, the voice of that child, strangely revived memories long buried in his heart. Eleven years had elapsed since he had lost a little girl of about two years of age, in the most unaccountable way. It had been sent out to nurse in the environs of Paris. And when the alarm was given that the child was missing, it was discovered that the nurse was deranged; and it was impossible to ascertain whether her insanity was the cause or consequence of the loss of the child. Had the nurse, in a paroxysm of madness, destroyed the infant? This was the general belief; but the sorrowing parents could not elicit, by the most diligent inquiry, anything that could serve to throw certain light upon the fate of their child. The mother survived her loss but five years, and M. Barbier was left a widower with an only son.

But now the poor little girl so strangely introduced to him recalled vividly the memory of his wife. It was her very look, the expression of her face, nay more, the very tones of her voice. What wonder, then, that M. Barbier felt his heart stirred within him by hopes and fears the more agitating from their very vagueness.

Unable to shake off thronging thoughts, so as to obtain any sleep, M. Barbier, as we have said, got up, and



providing himself with a lantern, descended to the place where he had locked up Alice. Hearing no noise as he entered, he for a moment thought, "is it possible she has made her way out of this also?" but soon the light fell upon a heap of straw in a corner, and he beheld Alice in a deep sleep. He could not bear to wake her, and sitting down on a stone at a short distance from her, and contriving to throw the light full upon the head of the sleeper,

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he began to examine every feature. Even in sleep, the face of the child bore the subdued expression of extreme suffering: deep sighs burst from her little heart, and from her parted lips came from time to time, a wailing sound that fell sadly on the listener's ear. As he watched her feverish slumbers, he suddenly perceived around her neck a green silk string, to which was hanging a little locket. To see it, and to grasp it, was the act of the same instant; but the motion awoke Alice, and she started up with a cry of terror at the sight of the nocturnal visitor.

"Where did you get this?" asked M. Barbier, as he pointed to the locket.

Without answering, Alice took it off and handed it to him.

"You will give it back to me, sir?" said she with somewhat of uneasiness. "It is the first time it has ever been off my neck."

"And what is the inscription upon it?" demanded M. Barbier, as if not daring to trust his own eyes.

"Never part with it," said Alice; "and I never do. I wear it always."

"Oh, my God! thy ways are indeed past finding out. After so many years of sorrow and unavailing search, am I now to find my child!" and scarcely able to articulate, he turned to Alice—"Speak, speak! In mercy say where you got this locket! Who gave it you?"

"It is my own," said Alice; "and I had a great many more things—so Sarah tells me—but they were gold, and they took them away from me: this was worth nothing so they left it with me."

"Sarah! Who is Sarah?" asked M. Barbier.

"The young girl I locked up. She knows all about me, I am sure, though she would never tell me."

"Come with me," said M. Barbier, suddenly taking the arm of Alice, and drawing her out of her dungeon. It was now daylight, and no sooner did she perceive it than she involuntarily exclaimed, "Thanks be to God! all danger is now over."

"What danger?" enquired M. Barbier, still rapidly moving onward.

"Oh, you shall know all, sir, now. But pardon for Sarah; pardon for me, I beseech you."

While still hurrying on in the direction of the chamber where Sarah had been left, he was met by Mathurine, who, receiving no answer to her question of where he was going, thought she might as well follow, so that all three arrived together at the chamber door, and on opening it found Sarah weeping bitterly. M. Barbier at once advanced towards her, and pointing to Alice—"Sarah," said he, "who is this child? Speak, and speak the truth; and whatever may be your answer you are at liberty to go where you please."

"The sun is risen, my friends are gone, and I am alone in the world, so there is nothing to prevent my speaking out," said Sarah: "you are now the disposer of my fate."

"In mercy speak quickly," said the agitated M. Barbier.

Sarah went on, still weeping. "Alice and I are part of a gang of gypsies, who were to leave Paris last night, and for whom we were to open the gate of your hotel; and I would have done it, but that Alice locked me up in the room. There's the truth for you."

"Did I not say so?" cried Mathurine; and there is no knowing how she might have gone on to evince her triumph in her sagacity, had not her master silenced her somewhat angrily.

"But Alice—Alice! who and what is she? Speak, girl; I care for nothing else."

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"She is like myself—a stolen child, sir," answered Sarah; with this difference, however, that I can tell the place she was stolen from, whereas the only person who knows anything about me is gone."

"Well, girl—well!" interrupted M. Barbier, now nearly frantic from suspense.

"About eleven years ago," said Sarah, "I was on an excursion with Mother Verduchene in the environs of Paris. I used to beg, and I was never refused, for I had a pretty face, and I had learned sweet words and winning ways, that interested people for me. Well, one day as we were passing a cottage, Mother Verduchene went in to ask for a drink of milk, and there was no one in the cottage but a child asleep in a cradle. She was dressed in the finest cambric and lace, and had, I well remember, a gold chain round her neck. Mother Verduchene caught up the child, and ran off with her so fast, that I did not overtake her till she had got into a wood, where I found her stripping the infant. But when she began to untie a green string, to which a locket was suspended, the little one screamed at such a rate, and then lisping, 'Never part with it!—never part with it!' that Mother Verduchene thought she might as well leave it with her. The next day we left Paris, and the gypsies thought it best to take the child with them."

"My daughter!—my daughter!" exclaimed M. Barbier, as he pressed her fondly to his bosom. "Well do I remember that your mother used so often to repeat the words which she had engraved on the locket when fastening it round your neck, that at last your young lips had learned to form the sound; and no one could touch

it, not even myself, without your trying to say, 'Never part! never part!' But how shall I thank the gracious Being who has so wondrously preserved my child, innocent, pure, and virtuous, amid such a gang of wretches; and who, in inspiring her with a determination not to be instrumental in betraying a stranger, has, to reward her, permitted her to find in that stranger a father! My child! my child!"

But wonder and joy had been too much for Alice, and she had fainted in the encircling arms of her father. Tender care, fond soothing, and words of love, to which she had been so long a stranger, hailed her returning senses; and her father, eager to present her to her brother, now cried, "Come with me, my child! I am impatient to show to the whole world my recovered treasure."

"But—Sarah—my father!" said Alice hesitatingly, yet imploringly.

"Sarah shall always stay with you, if you like it, my child."

"And can you trust her, my young lady," said the old housekeeper.

"She can trust me," said Sarah, "if I once promise; and I do promise to try to be good, like herself."

"And we will ask God to make us both good," said Alice, "and to take out of our minds all the bad things they tried to teach us; and I know nice words for asking him—'Create in me a clean heart, oh God, and renew a right spirit within me!'"

"Surely his providential care over you, my sweet child," said M. Barbier, "is a proof that there are no possible circumstances in which the way of duty is not open to us, if we have but honest, truthful purpose of heart to walk therein."

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Buckwheat Cakes.

One quart buckwheat flour, one teaspoonful of salt; stir in water to make a thin batter; beat thoroughly four table-spoonfuls home-brewed yeast. Set the batter in a warm place; let it rise overnight; add one teaspoonful of soda in the morning.

Prune Sauce.

Prune sauce is a nice addition to any light pudding, and is easily made as follows: Stew half a pound of prunes in a little water. After soaking twelve hours add a piece of lemon peel and a stick of cinnamon. When quite soft press through a wire sieve. Sweeten to taste, and serve.

Cottage Pudding.

Two cups of flour, one cup of sugar, one tablespoon of butter, one egg, one teaspoon of baking powder, two thirds of a cup of milk; mix the baking powder thoroughly through the flour, then add the sugar, eggs, butter and milk. Beat all together until light; bake in the dish in which it is to be served. Serve with hot sauce.

Lobster Salad.

Four eggs, one tablespoonful of sugar, two of butter, one of salt, two of vinegar, one of mustard; beat the whites of the eggs separately and add last. Cook in a bowl set in a kettle of water, stirring until it thickens. When cold, add cream enough to make as thin as boiled custard. Add salt and red pepper to the chopped lobster and lettuce.

Scalloped Onions.

Peel and slice four large Spanish onions. Line a pie-dish with bread-crumbs, then put a layer of chopped onions. Season with pepper and salt, and add a few little bits of butter, then another layer of crumbs, and so on till the dish is full, having the last layer of crumbs. Pour over a teacupful of milk, and bake for one and a half hours.

A Stuffed Leg of Pork.

A leg of pork that has been boned as far as the shank and well rubbed with a little common salt and sugar is made very appetising if stuffed with chopped apples, parboiled onions, sage, bread-crumbs, and currants. It must be carefully sewn up so that the stuffing does not escape. As an additional adjunct cranberry sauce well takes the place of apple sauce.

A Meat Roly Poly.

A meat roly poly makes a good dinner for a large family at a small expense, and may be baked or boiled as is most convenient. Chop some suet finely, and mix four to six ounces of it with one pound of flour, add a teaspoonful of salt, work into a nice dough with water, roll

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out thinly, spread it lightly with some cold meat chopped fine, and mixed with a few herbs and chopped onion. Roll carefully, then wet the edges to make them adhere, place in a baking tin, and bake for three-quarters of an hour, or wrap in a cloth and plunge into boiling water—cook it for two and a half hours. Gravy left from roast beef is a great addition if served with the roly poly.

Orange Marmalade.

Take twelve oranges and three lemons, cut in halves and soak 36 hours in four quarts of water, after which slice fine and small or put through a grinder if you have one, removing all seeds before cutting up. When all are fine put back into the water in which they were soaked and boil two hours. Then add eight pounds of white sugar and boil one hour longer.

Potato Pie.

Have ready some cold boiled potatoes and three or four hard-boiled eggs, cut them in as fine slices as possible, then place them in alternate layers in a pie-dish with a few lumps of butter at the bottom, between each layer putting pepper and salt to taste and sufficient cream to barely cover. Fill the dish, add a few lumps of butter, and bake a nice golden brown. This dish is excellent with cold meat.

To Stuff and Bake Fish.

Soak bread in cold water until soft; drain it, mash it fine, and mix the bread with a spoonful of drawn butter, a little salt and pepper (two raw eggs make the dressing cut smoother), and some spices if liked. Fill and sew up the fish; put a teacup of water in a bake pan, add a little butter; place in the

fish and bake about forty or fifty minutes. Bass, shad, and fresh cod are good fish for baking.

Time for Cooking Winter Vegetables.

Squash.....	1 hour.
Potatoes, white.....	1 hour.
Potatoes, baked.....	1 hour.
Sweet Potatoes.....	1 hour.
Baked Sweet.....	1 hour.
Turnips.....	2 hours.
Beets.....	3 hours.
Parsnips.....	1 hour.
Carrots.....	1 hour.
Cabbage.....	3 hours.

Rice Mould.

Wash carefully in two or three waters a teacupful of rice. Add to it a pint and a half of new milk, sweeten to taste, and add a strip of lemon-rind, or a bay-leaf to flavour it. Let it boil gently, stirring it frequently till the rice is quite soft, and all the milk is absorbed. Then place in a wet mould, and leave till cold. Turn out and serve. This should be made in a double saucepan so that there is no chance of the milk burning.

Beef Tea.

Cut two pounds of lean beef very fine with a sharp knife. Pour a pint of cold water over it and let it stand for several hours in a double boiler on the back of the stove, where it will heat to the boiling point but not boil. When the juice is all extracted from the meat so that the meat is white, drain off the liquid and salt to taste. This way of preparing beef tea is to use in cases of weakness after fevers. Sometimes not more than a teaspoonfull can be taken at one time, but use frequently.

"Aim High" in everything you do. To succeed in any undertaking you must **"Get The Best"** assistance obtainable. If you aspire to excel in pastry the assistance you require is . . . The . . .

Cook's Friend
Baking Powder.

Windsor Salt

For dairy and table use is the BEST. Perfectly dry and white, and no lime in it. Better Cheese and Butter can be made with it than with any other salt. It pays to use it.

Pound Cake.

One cup of butter, three cups of sugar, four cups of flour, one cup of milk, four eggs, three teaspoonsful of baking powder. Cream the butter and sugar; then add the yolks of the eggs, sift flour and powder together; put in a little at a time until all is in, pour in the milk after putting in a very little flour; add the well beaten whites of the eggs, flavor to suit the taste bake in a flat pan, ice it when cold and cut in squares. This cake will keep a week at least.

Pickled Beetroot.

Take some well boiled beetroots, trim them, and cut in slices about a quarter of an inch thick. Place them in jars or glass bottles which have wide necks, leaving sufficient room for the vinegar and other ingredients. Then add one ounce of powdered sugar, and six cloves, to every two pounds of beetroot. Fill up the jars with boiled vinegar. Equal quantities of beetroot and Spanish onion, sliced and treated in this way, make an excellent pickle.

How She Cooked the Fish.

There was once a man who had so bad a temper that his wife, although she behaved to him with the utmost attention and affection, had never once pleased

him since their marriage. He made a point of contradicting whatever she said; in short, would contend that black was white.

It happened that passing the market one day he bought a very fine pike, which he desired might be sent home with directions to his wife to have it dressed for dinner at such an hour. The servant told her mistress of it, who immediately asked if any directions had been left as to how it was to be dressed. The servant replied that her master had sent no other message than that he should dine at home at a certain hour.

"Alas!" exclaimed the mistress, "what is to be done? If we await his return, he will be enraged to find that nothing is prepared; if I boil it, he will prefer it roasted; if I roast it he likes it better stewed; if I stew it, it should have been fried; and if I fry it, he always eats it fricasseed. So what can I do to avert his ill-will and anger?"

"Oh," said the servant, "a thought has struck me. As the pike is a very large one, cut it in five parts, and dress each in a different manner."

This singular scheme was put in execution, and succeeded so well that the husband on his return was thoroughly convinced of his wife's desire to please him, and having for once had a glimpse of his wife's peculiarly good and his own extraordinary ill-nature, he was from that time so softened in disposition that they very seldom had any disputes.



Want it?

Better than riches is the health that comes from a good, wholesome skin. No cutaneous troubles if you use **BABY'S OWN SOAP**. Keeps the skin soft, clean and sweet. For sale by all druggists.

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MONTREAL.

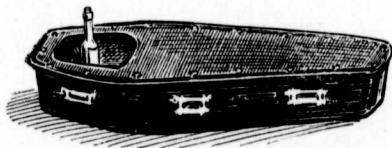
A COFFIN FOR A BOTTLE.

"What are you making, Bob?" asked the little girls, as they sat on a bench watching the carpenter's son at work.

"A coffin."

"It is a very short one," said Nell.

"Long enough for what it will hold, and I never liked work better in my life," said Bob. "Let me tell you: Matt Payne has been taking to drink, and father thought of this way to stop him. He called to him yesterday morning, 'Matt, sell me that parlor organ of Kate's, will you? All your things are going to Flynn's grog shop, and I might as well have my share. I'll give you a note good for four coffins—one for Kate, who looks as if she'd need it soon enough, poor soul, and one for each of the twins, for they won't outlast their mother long, little dears, and one for you, so your good mother's son can be buried decent and not by the poor-master. You'll need the coffins before long at the rate you are drinking, and here's the only way I see that will keep you from being buried in rough boxes like other paupers.'



"Well, Matt Payne just stared and went on without one word. After a while father saw him going across to the thick woods by the pond. Late in the evening he came here all pale but quiet, and said to father, 'Howe, I heard what you said this morning, and it went home. It was all true; I couldn't work, and I went yonder to the woods to think, and then I got to praying to my mother's God. Well, Howe, he has helped me—I'm done drinking. If good care and love and plenty will keep me, my Kate and the kids, I'll keep 'em. But make me a coffin and a head-board. Here is the rum-bottle; make a coffin for that, and I'll bury it right in my front yard, and make a head-board and put on it:

HERE LIES THE HOME DESTROYER,
RUM.'

"So girls, that's what I'm making, and you better believe I like the job fine."



POTS, PANS, KETTLES,

and all other
Kitchen Utensils in

"CRESCENT"

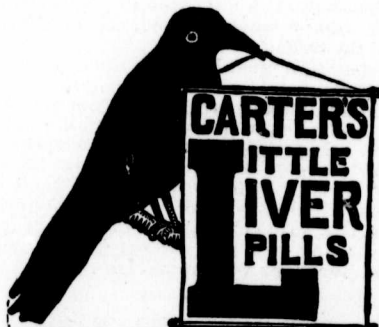
Enamelled Ware stand the test of time and constant use. Never chip or burn. Nice designs. Beautifully finished. Easily kept clean.

EVERY PIECE GUARANTEED.

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TO ASK FOR.

If your dealer does not keep it
drop a postal card to

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SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these
Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness. Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable

Small Pill. Small Dose.
Small Price.

A PRETTY PENKNIFE will be sent to everyone who secures ten trial subscriptions for OUR HOME during the month of March. See page 62.

MANAGEMENT OF STOVES.

The very best of ranges are often ruined and large quantities of fuel wasted by filling the range too full and leaving the draughts open. Every housekeeper should learn the proper management of her particular stove or range. To do this, study the draughts of the range. Learn that a red hot top always indicates a cool oven. Close the dampers in order to throw the heat around the oven, and never pull them out unless to let the heat and gas escape up the chimney. Attend to the fire as soon as through with a meal; open all the draughts and brush off the damper; rake out all ashes, open the top and dust out the soot. See that the corners and cracks are free from ashes, and fill the fire-box full of coal or wood and close the damper. Clean out the ash pan, dust the outside of the stove or range, and if it requires it, polish while cool. When the stove is wanted hot, watch the fire, let it burn briskly until the blue flames appear on top, and then open the top (the dampers being out) until ready to use the oven.

Attention must be given the degree of heat required to bake different articles, as in this lies the main secret of good cooking. The heat required for biscuit would ruin cake, while the temperature necessary to roast a joint of meat would be too slow for light rolls. After a meal is finished always take off the draughts, thereby saving labor and fuel. By thus managing a stove a housekeeper will find her work very much less.

THE CARE OF LAMPS.

In these days when lamps are used so much, says Miss Parloa, the care of them is quite an important matter. If the lamps be good and have proper attention, one cannot wish for a more satisfactory light; but if badly cared for they will be a source of much discomfort. The great secret of having lamps in good working order is to keep them clean and to use good oil. Have a regular place and time for trimming the lamps. Put a folded newspaper on the table so that any stray bits of burned wick and drops of oil may fall upon it. Wash and wipe the chimneys and shades. Now take off all loose parts of the burner, washing them in hot soap-suds and wiping with a clean soft cloth. Trim the wicks and turn them quite low. With a soft, wet cloth, well soaped, wipe the burner, thoroughly, working the cloth as much as possible inside the burner, to get off

Monthly competition commencing January 1897, and continuing during the year.

\$1,625 Given Away

Each Month

In Bicycles and Gold Watches for

Sunlight Soap Wrappers

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The Colonial Mutual Life ASSOCIATION.

HEAD OFFICE, MONTREAL.

LIFE PLAN WITH PROFITS.

Rates for \$1,000.

Age	Yearly	Age	Yearly
20	\$13 75	41	\$21 50
21	13 80	42	22 30
22	13 90	43	23 10
23	14 00	44	23 95
24	14 15	45	24 80
25	14 30	46	25 70
26	14 50	47	26 60
27	14 70	48	27 55
28	14 95	49	28 55
29	15 20	50	29 60
30	15 50	51	30 75
31	15 80	52	31 10
32	16 15	53	33 70
33	16 55	54	35 50
34	16 95	55	37 20
35	17 45	56	39 20
36	18 00	57	41 60
37	18 60	58	44 50
38	19 30	59	48 15
39	20 00	60	52 35
40	20 75		

Policy has surrender value after three years.

Free as to residence, travel and occupation.

Grace allowed on all payments.

Losses paid promptly.

Nothing better ever offered.

Agents Wanted. Write for particulars.

FITS STOPPED FREE
and Permanently Cured.
INSANITY PREVENTED BY
Dr. KLINE'S GREAT
NERVE RESTORER. Only
sure Cure for Nervous Affections, Fits, Epilepsy
and St. Vitus' Dance. No fits and little nervous-
ness after first day's use. Infallible for all Nervous
Diseases if taken as directed. Treatise and \$2.00 trial
bottle free to fit patients sent through Canadian
Agency. Address Bellevue Institute, 931 Arch st.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Your Cow will give more milk if you
feed her Herbageum regularly.

THE BEAVER MANUFACTURING CO.,
Galt, Ont.

every particle of the charred wick. Now fill the lamps within about one inch of the top, and wipe with a damp towel and then a dry one. Adjust all the parts and return them to their proper places. Whenever a new wick is required in a lamp, wash and scald the burner before putting in the wick. With a student lamp, the receptacle for waste oil, which is screwed on the bottom of the burner, should be taken off at least once a week and washed. Sometimes a wick will get very dark and dirty before it is half consumed. It is not economy to try to burn it; replace it with a fresh one. The trouble and expense are slight and the increase in clearness and brilliancy will repay the extra care. When a lamp is lighted it should not at once be turned up to the full height; wait until the chimney is heated. Beautiful shades are often cracked or broken by having the hot chimneys rest against them. Now, when lighting a lamp be careful that the chimney is set perfectly straight and does not touch the shade at any point. The shade should be placed on the lamp as soon as it is lighted, that it may heat gradually.

I KNOW WHERE HE IS GOING.

When Philip Henry, the father of the celebrated commentator, sought the only daughter and heiress of Mr. Mathews in marriage, an objection was made by her father, who admitted that he was a gentleman, a scholar and an excellent preacher, but he was a stranger, and "they did not even know where he came from."

"True," said the daughter, who had well weighed the excellent qualities and graces of the stranger, "but I know where he is going, and I should like to go with him." And they walked life's pilgrimage together.

DISPUTANTS REBUKED.

Two persons were once disputing so loudly on the subject of religion that they awoke a big dog, which had been sleeping on the hearth before them, and he forthwith barked most furiously. An old divine present, who had been quietly sipping his tea while the disputants were talking, gave the dog a kick, and exclaimed: "Hold your tongue, you silly brute! you know no more about it than they do!"

OUR HOME will be sent on trial for three months to anyone who is not already a subscriber, for ten cents in postage stamps. Ask your friends to subscribe.



Substitution

the fraud of the day.

See you get Carter's,

Ask for Carter's,

Insist and demand

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

DON'T GET BALD! It Makes You Look Old.

THE EMPRESS HAIR GROWER Stops the hair from falling out. Promotes the growth of the hair. A delightful hair dressing for both ladies and gentlemen. A sure cure for dandruff.
PRICE 50c. Your dealer can procure it from any wholesale druggist. Prepared by
C. J. COVERNTON & CO.,
Cor. of Bleury and Dorchester Sts., MONTREAL.

A GOLD WATCH

will be awarded to the person securing the largest number of trial subscriptions for OUR HOME at the price of ten cents for three months. For full particulars read the announcements on page 62 of OUR HOME.

THE TAVERN IN SPESSART,

Which begins on page 23 of this number of OUR HOME, is an exciting story of adventure which every one should read.

TERMS.

OUR HOME is issued every month from the office of publication, 16 St. Sacramento Street, Montreal, Canada, by Watson Griffin, editor and publisher.

OUR HOME ordinarily contains only forty-eight pages. Sixty-four or more pages may often be given, but additional pages over forty-eight are a gift to the subscriber from the publisher.

Its subscription price is fifty cents per annum in advance for any part of Canada, Newfoundland or the United States.

New subscriptions can commence at any time during the year.

Remittances may be made by money or postage stamps.

Money for renewals should be sent by each subscriber directly to this office. We do not authorize agents to collect money for renewals of subscriptions.

In changing your post office address, always send your old address as well as the new.

If you do not receive OUR HOME regularly, write to this office and the matter will be looked into at once. Write addresses so plainly that no mistake can possibly be made.

If subscribers do not wish to lose any number of OUR HOME they should send in their renewal subscriptions before they receive the last number of the term already subscribed for.

Advertising rates will be furnished on application. Advertisements at all times to be subject to editorial approval.

All new advertisements and changes must be sent in by the 15th of each month, in order to insure insertion in the succeeding number of OUR HOME.

Address all communications to

"OUR HOME,"
16 St. Sacramento Street,
MONTREAL, Canada.

MONTREAL, MARCH, 1897.

PRIZES FOR TRIAL SUBSCRIPTIONS.

A large number of trial subscriptions for three months as well as many yearly subscriptions have been sent in by subscribers of OUR HOME during the month of February. It is gratifying to find so many subscribers taking an interest in extending the circulation of the magazine. That is the way a paper grows great. It does not require a very great effort on the part of each subscriber to get friends to subscribe for OUR HOME for three months on trial at the price of ten cents, but if every one of the many thousands of yearly subscribers for OUR HOME will get five friends to subscribe for three months on trial the paper will secure an immense circulation, for nearly every one who reads it for three months will renew for a year before the trial subscription expires. OUR HOME will be sent on trial for three months to any address in Canada or the United States outside of the city of Montreal for ten cents and to any

address in the city of Montreal for thirteen cents. To the subscriber who sends in the largest number of trial subscriptions before the 10th of May a beautiful gold watch will be awarded. To the one who sends the next largest number of trial subscriptions a fine silver watch will be given. For the third largest list of names of trial subscribers the prize will be a costly, gentleman's silk umbrella with handsome handle, while an equally fine, lady's silk umbrella will be the fourth prize. In addition to these prizes a pretty penknife will be sent to everyone who sends in ten trial subscriptions during the month of March.

ALL OVER THE CONTINENT.

OUR HOME now has subscribers in every part of the North American continent. It is welcomed in many homes in every state of the American union, and there is a large annual subscription list in every province and territory of the Canadian Dominion. The smallest hamlets and the lonely farmhouses are well represented on the lists as well as the greatest cities. The circulation is widespread, but it can be very greatly increased. In many places there are only a few subscribers where there ought to be a large number. It is surprising how many new subscribers can be secured by a really active canvasser even in a small village or country place, while there is a great field for canvassers in the large towns. Anyone who wishes to engage in a special canvass for annual subscriptions can make money by doing so. But many of the subscribers who have not time to engage in a special canvass or do not care about making money in this way, urge their friends to subscribe just to show their friendliness to the little magazine. Everyone has some friends, and while they may not be willing to subscribe for a year at first sight of the paper it is not difficult to persuade them to subscribe for three months at the small price of ten cents. Those who do not care to compete for prizes can at least show their appreciation of OUR HOME by getting some of their friends to take it on trial.

A Good Moral From a Short Story.

A Reliable G.T.R. Engineer.

HOW HE SAVED HIMSELF.

Used Paine's Celery Compound.

He is Now Regularly and Steadily
at Work.



Engineer R. G. Morris, of the Grand Trunk Railway, resides in Brockville, Ont. No other engineer working for the great railway corporation is better

known or has a more favorable record for skill, care and attention to duty.

Mr. Morris had two foes that contributed to make his life miserable—foes that at times even threatened his life. These enemies were neuralgia in the head and chronic dyspepsia.

Failing with doctors, advertised medicines, and electrical appliances, he wisely decided to give Paine's Celery Compound a thorough testing. After the use of a few bottles of earth's best and surest medicine he found himself a well and cured man. Mr. Morris, with a strong desire to benefit others, writes as follows:

"Having suffered with neuralgia in the head for two years, I tested the skill of doctors and made use of many kinds of medicines, as well as the electric battery, but got no relief from any of these sources. I decided to give Paine's Celery Compound a trial, as I noticed by the press that it was highly recommended for my troubles. I used several bottles, and it cured the neuralgia as well as the dyspepsia from which I suffered.

"Now I am able to work all winter. In the past I had to lay off several months in the cold weather. I am happy to say the neuralgia has not troubled me for over a year. I recommend Paine's Celery Compound to any one suffering as I did with terrible neuralgia and dyspepsia. I trust you will insert this letter in the press so that others may be benefitted.

WITH THE "DIAMOND"

Success Is Fully Assured.

The world-renowned Diamond Dyes are put up for every color, with special dyes for cotton and all kinds of mixed goods, and are so simple and easy to use that even a child can dye a perfect color with them—colors that will not fade, crock or wash out—equal to the best colors made by professional dyers.

If women are induced to buy imitations of Diamond Dyes they must be prepared for failure and loss of goods.

Insist upon getting the Diamond Dyes from your dealer; they cost no more than the poor imitation dyes sold for the sake of large profits.



THE PROHIBITION ÆSOP.

This is the title of a department in "**The Templar**," Canada's great Prohibition Weekly, in which illustrated fables are published and which is attracting great attention. The fanciful animal world is brought into solemn conclave to discuss affairs of state. If you would like to have a taste of these good things, you may get a little book containing eight illustrated fables, free by return mail, by sending ten cents for sample copies of the Weekly Templar and the Social Reform Magazine "**The Templar Quarterly**." Remember that a sample of each publication, in addition to the Prohibition Æsop book, will be sent by return mail on receipt of ten cents, provided that you mention that you saw this advertisement in "OUR HOME." Address,

**The Templar Publishing House,
Hamilton, Ont. Canada.**

...GUARD

**Against Milk Fever and secure
Better Calves and More Milk.**



Under date of Sept. 10, 1896, the well-known and successful breeders and exhibitors of Ayrshire cattle, Messrs. Wm. Stewart, jun., & Sons, say: "One of our Ayrshire cows has just come through the CRITICAL YEAR with her calf without even a touch of MILK FEVER; second, we believe that it is the regular use of

...HERBAGEUM...

which has kept her in such prime order. We have used Herbageum for eight years with our Ayrshire cattle, and consider it the finest known preparation for purifying the blood and putting and keeping the whole system in perfect working order, insuring much better returns in milk while sustaining the animal in flesh. The extra return from the food used equals a good profit over and above the cost of Herbageum."



THE BEAVER MFG. CO.,

GALT, ONT.

SOLE MANUFACTURERS.

If your local merchant does not keep Herbageum
write for a Pamphlet and mention "OUR HOME."

"Radnor flows clear as crystal, icy cold, from
the heart of the Canadian Laurentides."



... DRINK ...

**PURE,
SPARKLING,
DELICIOUS**

RADNOR Empress of
Natural
Table Waters.

Is a unique natural combination
of most valuable health-promot-
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Being also a delightful beverage,
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... OPINIONS ...

"A purely natural water, brilliant, plea-
santly sparkling, and delicate to the taste."

THE "LANCET," London, Eng.

"I consider RADNOR a most excellent and
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SIR HENRY IRVING.

"RADNOR is a most refreshing and pala-
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to take its place in the front rank of table
waters."

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"I find RADNOR very agreeable and most
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IGNACE JAN PADEREWSKI.

"RADNOR is a brilliantly sparkling, natu-
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"I have recommended RADNOR WATER
to my patients, and find it gives great satis-
faction. As a table water it is delightfully
refreshing."

FRANCIS W. CAMPBELL, M.D.,

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Faculty of Medicine, University of Bishops
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RADNOR can be had on all Railway Buffet Cars, Dining Rooms, Steamship Lines, and at the
leading Hotels, Clubs, Restaurants, Grocers, Druggists, etc.

THE RADNOR WATER COMPANY,

MONTREAL and RADNOR, Que.